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Vol. CCI, No. 2628
JUNE 17, 1950

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Volume CCI No. 2628 The SPHERE, London, June 17, 1950

The SPHERE
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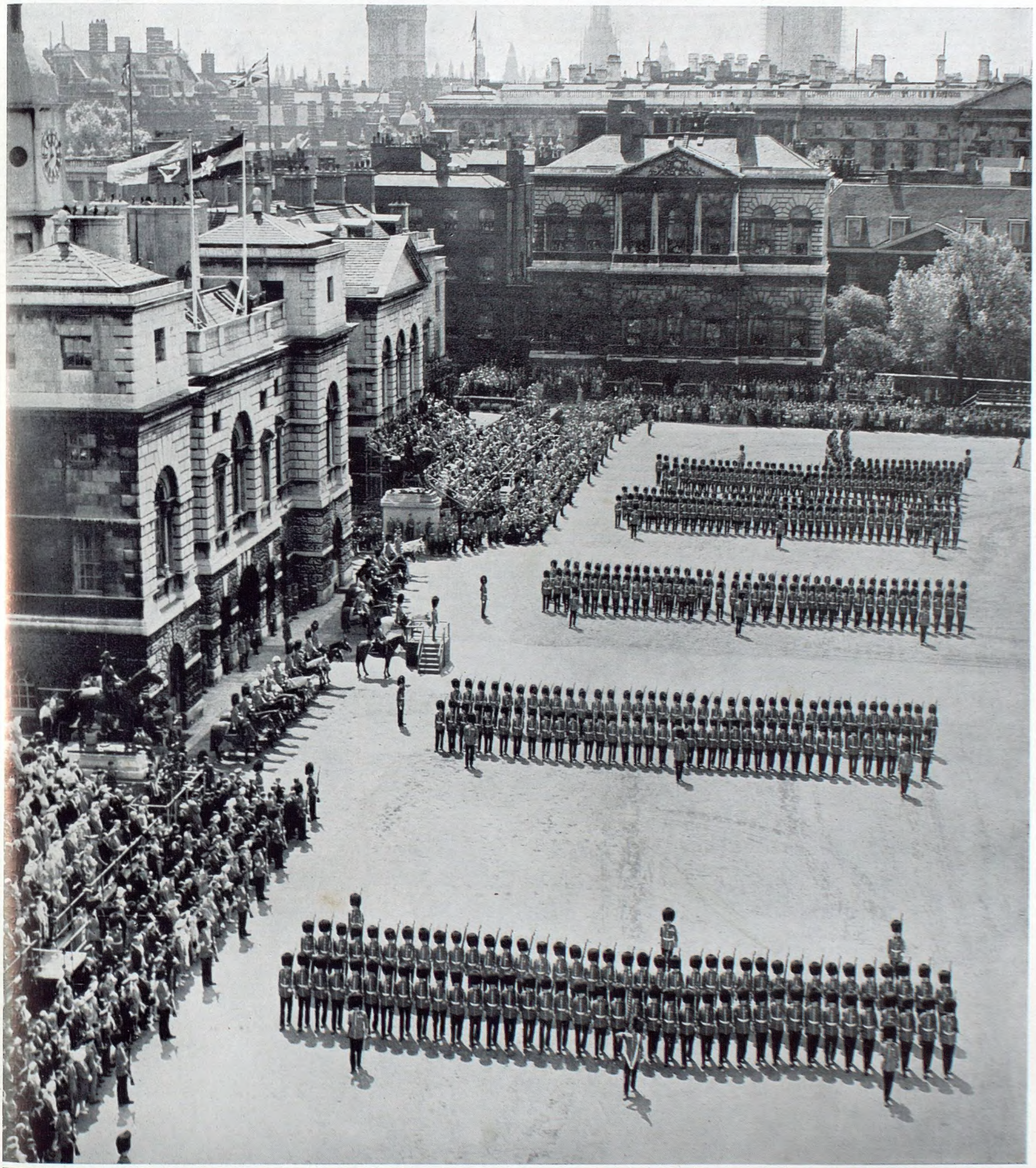
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



TROOPING THE COLOUR—THE KING FROM HIS DAIS ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE REVIEWING TROOPS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS: His Majesty had previously inspected the Birthday Parade from a carriage, as he did last year, and he then mounted a dais to take the salute. Many thousands of spectators ringed the Horse Guards and they lined the Mall from Buckingham Palace almost to the Admiralty Arch

From the day when the Pope blessed the standard which William the Conqueror bore at Hastings, the King's Colour has always been a rallying-point of the King's Men, and gradually evolved from that incident is the wonderful ritual now employed by the Guards when Trooping the Colour on the day set aside for the official celebration of the Monarch's birthday, a ritual which makes it England's most brilliant display of military pageantry. Last week's ceremony on the vast square of the Horse Guards Parade was particularly notable in that for the first time since before the war the Household Cavalry ceremonially marched past the King, and the Coldstream Guards, whose tercentenary is being celebrated this year, found the escort for the Colour and also for No. 2 Guard. It was noted that the King wore his R.A.F. wings on his uniform, a tribute to the fact that the R.A.F. was taking part for the first time in the official birthday ceremonial. Eighteen Lincoln aircraft from Bomber Command flew over the Palace in honour of the day shortly after the King's return from the Horse Guards. (See also pages 412-13.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Our Debt to America.—

And still it grows. . . . Year after year the American taxpayer finds uncountable millions with which to bolster up poor shattered Europe. Year after year, the old U.S. Isolation Roadster runs faster and farther in reverse. If the old car had not gone into reverse, where would Western Europe stand to-day? If those countless millions had not been paid out, what sort of a world would the civilised world be to-day? It does not bear thinking about; for positively there was no other way. We must remember the justice of the old saw about the piper and the tune. I, too, have sometimes mildly resented some of our less important imports from America. Not all of them have been for the benefit of our national character. But looking back to the dawn of the century, when American influence on English society began to play such havoc with Victorian conventions, and our traditional discipline, I am inclined to think that the piper called the tune much more vigorously when *we* were the richest and the leading Power, than to-day when we are the poor relation. And that suggests generosity of mind as well as material generosity.

Barons Galore.—

Mr. Attlee is imitating an earlier Statesman and, in the Upper House, is calling on the new world of Socialism to redress the balance of the old. And if he have time and leisure for a few more years, at the rate of fifteen a year or more, it won't be long before he achieves fifty-fifty. Allowing for the natural decay of peerages, the large proportion of backwoodsmen, the normal average of conversions, and the current preponderance of Labour creations, a year or so hence the Labour voice in the Upper House should be effective and formidable. That is one way of reforming the House of Lords, but it may well seem an odd way for a Socialist Government to choose; to flood the market with a commodity which seems to deny all the principles for which the Party stands, or stood. Still, as long as the House of Lords remains unreformed, as long as an hereditary right to make the laws of the land survives, to make nonsense of our "democracy," so long must the Socialist Premier employ that means of stiffening his representation in that House and conveniently shelving his less valuable lieutenants by the graceful expedient of kicking them upstairs. Some of his victims clearly grow to enjoy their new "fetters"; but others certainly ask: "You may think it right to dissemble your love, But *why* do you kick me *up*stairs?"

Bruce Ingram.—

I was glad to read of Captain Bruce Ingram's knighthood. The details of his family and personal connection with *The Illustrated London News*, THE SPHERE'S elder sister, are fresh in memory, as they received a deal of deserved publicity when Captain Ingram reached his half-century as Editor. He is grandson of the founder, and his family has been intimately and essentially connected with their famous journal non-stop since its foundation. It is a remarkable record for himself and his family, and one marked out for just such recognition as it has received. Only the mathematical fact that Captain Ingram has held the editorial chair for fifty years would convince me that he went up to Trinity eight years before I did. Even a newspaper wizard can hardly expect to occupy such a chair at the tender age of fifteen, which must have been the case had Captain Ingram been (what he looks) my exact contemporary at Trinity.

The Fourth of June.—

The last occasion on which I had a special reason for attending the Fourth of June at Eton fell on the 3rd. It was a day of absolute perfection, so warm that those boat crews who had to swim for it, could sit in their dripping clothes to watch the fireworks—without (I hope) ill effects. Perhaps I shall attend the festivities again, though not in an official capacity as a parent. I won't look forward for a century, although at Eton a hundred years are but as yesterday. But I wonder what the "Fourth" will be like a decade hence. Will there still be the Windsor Bridge-Eton High Street bottleneck? Will there still be no other bridge across the Thames between Maidenhead and Old Windsor? And will Fellows Eyot be large enough to hold the crowd of the privileged who watch the fireworks? Five years ago the green meadow could hold in comfort five times the normal crowd. On June 3, 1950, it just about packed it in. There are problems, urgent enough, for the Local Authority, the police and the school authorities, if Eton's "Fourth" is not to be killed by over-congestion inside a decade. But still, as of old, the charm works, still the bright clusters in the electric night-sky burst and spiral down on youth in the green meadows between the old red brick buildings and the old silver Thames, and still the last revellers wind somehow safe to bed in the small hours after the long agony of getting through the bottlenecks, after the longest and most tiring and charming day in the year's fixture list.

YORK MINSTER NEEDS £250,000—THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. PETER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST: In launching the Restoration appeal for this enormous sum, the Archbishop of York, Dr. Garbett, said "It is made with the object of saving from disaster a building which is a glory not only to York but to the whole of the Northern Province and to Great Britain itself." The work of restoration has been made necessary by deterioration to the pinnacles on both west towers; by decaying masonry on other sections of the towers and by many other deteriorations which must necessarily affect a building after 720 years. The Chapter House also needs attention. The south-west tower will be restored first, as it is from this section of the Minster that fragments of stone have fallen. In all other restoration work to the Cathedral since 1919 Clipsham stone has been used to replace the original Tadcaster. In this picture the central tower rising to a height of 198 ft. is seen, while on the left is the South Transept, with the rose window. To the right is the Decorated Choir and Sanctuary with the tall window of the East Transept. In the first week of the appeal £61,000 was subscribed

The Law's a Hass.—

The latest of the "elderly sadists" in ermine to call the Law an ass is Mr. Justice Humphreys, aged eighty-three. And he laid about him with a will on the subject of Juvenile Courts and young delinquents. The Juvenile Courts were certainly not law courts, but laughing-stocks. He thought that naughty boys only needed a probation officer chosen by the police to deal with them, and that the lay magistrates might be short-circuited, since their Courts were farcical and their powers to act sensibly practically nil; and he favoured police clubs for such boys. He gave instances of how judges and lay magistrates alike are nowadays roughly handled by public and by authority—the first are "elderly sadists," the second incompetent old fossils who deserve kicks, not halfpence. It is the legislature that gives colour to the charges. The judges increase sentences because they are debarred from the sensible deterrent in the increasing crimes of violence. The lay magistrates are regarded by the present Lord Chancellor as too numerous and too old. But he is quite unable to find younger men and quite unable to reduce their work. On the contrary, that work has increased enormously since I became a J.P. What was "once a fortnight" has become on an average "twice a week." And nowadays most magistrates are employed or self-employed workers. And every day the joints in the new Criminal Justice Act gape. Like so many of the post-war reforms, the "building is opened to the public" long before the essential furniture is installed. As a result, the mischievous boy must be convicted of crime in order to get an "absolute discharge," and the young habitual criminal must be treated like a naughty boy. There never was a time when the judicature and the legislature were so bitterly at odds. And the reason is obvious. Those who must administer the Law are the best advisers on the scope and objects of the Law. They are not asked to advise.

Civil Defence Progress.—

It is a subject worthy of a note even during our annual carnival of sport. If you snooped about in country places, you would not hear much about Civil Defence; you would not find recruiting brisk or interest even tepid. It is a very difficult subject for the Minister responsible to whip up to enthusiasm. You see, his own chiefs invariably declare that a third World War—an atomic war—will put paid to civilisation as we know it. If it come, it's "back to the caveman age" for all concerned. Having said that so often, it is difficult to inspire the doomed flock to train for self-defence. We accept their caveman jeremiad—we don't doubt it—and are inclined to the Oriental philosophy of twiddling our thumbs till the crack of doom. We are tired of war, we don't want to be cavemen. If that is to be our fate if atom war come, *il faut en finir*, and the sooner the better. Why prolong the agony? It's natural perhaps, but it won't do. The authorities sensed the need for putting out a rider to the caveman verdict. So now the tale is that atom and hydrogen bombs are reasonably innocuous weapons; can't knock us out, if we know the counter moves. There's a college for teaching the countermoves at Easingwold. You learn there all there is to know about the Geiger counter, and the pocket electroscope and other anti-radio-activity devices. Already this college has sent out 600 B.A.s (Radioact), and these graduates have disseminated their knowledge to others. Would it be safe to say that 2,400 men and women are trained in the theory of modern C.D.? Would it be safe to say that in every county capital there is now a trained nucleus with at least one sample of each device? I don't know. I doubt it. It's a long and stony row to hoe.

"A Penny the Worse."—

A few days will show whether the Transport and General Workers Union shrewdly timed the taxi strike. At the moment of writing, it seems to me that the public has not suffered a hold-up, nor is "one penny the worse." Ever since the war ended, the London taxi has been a "luxury" at certain hours, and still is so. From the point of view of the *pocket*, it has been one of the few cheap commodities available (when available) during the post-war austerity era, until the rise in fares. It will be interesting to see whether the release of petrol which has obviously put a vastly greater number of private cars in commission, will affect the demand for taxis, and whether the increase in fares will affect taxi-mindedness. I doubt it. Owner-driving in London is tiring and inconvenient, if one is moving with luggage or going to a place of entertainment. For my part, I never go in a train unless to Scotland, but I never drive a car in London. One parking in London is quite enough trouble for one day. I remain taxi-minded, and am glad to find that at the height of the strike I was (except in pocket) not "a penny the worse."

Making Ancestors.—

If you are still under thirty and if your zest for living is likely to remain constant, put yourself at once under the care of Dr. T. S. Gardner, of New Jersey, U.S.A. He hopes to keep you alive for 120 years by means of his still secret process of utilising vitamins in correct proportion. He will guarantee to turn you into an ancestor. If you marry at twenty-five, you may be a father at twenty-six, a grandfather at fifty, a great-grandfather at seventy-five, a great-great-grandfather at 100, and with luck you may die a great-great-great-grandfather. And you should see some notable changes in your lifetime. You have had a taste in your first thirty years of life of how a world can turn upside down. Multiply by four to get at the sum of your experience, if you obey Dr. Gardner's rules of diet. I am debarred. I am over thirty—and glad of it. I don't want to be an ancestor. I dislike the idea of my great-great-great-grandchildren rising up and calling me . . . an Old Stager.

THE OLD STAGER

THE NATION'S LAST TRIBUTE TO FIELD MARSHAL EARL WAVELL

THE JOURNEY BY LAUNCH FROM THE TOWER TO WESTMINSTER

THE FUNERAL CORTEGE LEAVES THE TOWER OF LONDON: Accompanied by Yeomen Warders, the coffin was taken through the grounds to the West Gate and at Tower Pier it was placed on to a launch for conveyance to Westminster. When the procession was passing along Water Lane, approaching Byward Tower, the roar of aero-engines filled the air and Lincoln bombers appeared overhead, dipping in salute as they crossed the Thames and sped southward

THE START OF THE JOURNEY TO WESTMINSTER: In this R.A.S.C. launch Lord Wavell's flag-draped coffin, on which reposed his plumed hat, baton, sword and pipe banner, was borne along the Thames from the Tower of London, of which Lord Wavell was Constable, to Westminster. Following a memorial service at the Abbey, in which the Royal family and the Governments of many countries were represented, the interment took place at Winchester in William of Wykeham's Cloister Garth

THE COFFIN IS BORNE INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Yeomen Warders stood to attention as N.C.O.s of the Black Watch carried the coffin through the West Doorway. The memorial service to Lord Wavell which followed was deeply impressive in its simplicity

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE ARMY, THE NAVY AND THE AIR FORCE: Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape, Vice-Admiral Sir George Creasy, Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, and Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma were in the Royal Naval contingent

LORD WAVELL'S ONLY SON WALKS IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION: The former Viscount Keren (now the second Earl Wavell) followed the coffin to Tower Pier. He was in the uniform of a Major of the Black Watch, his father's regiment

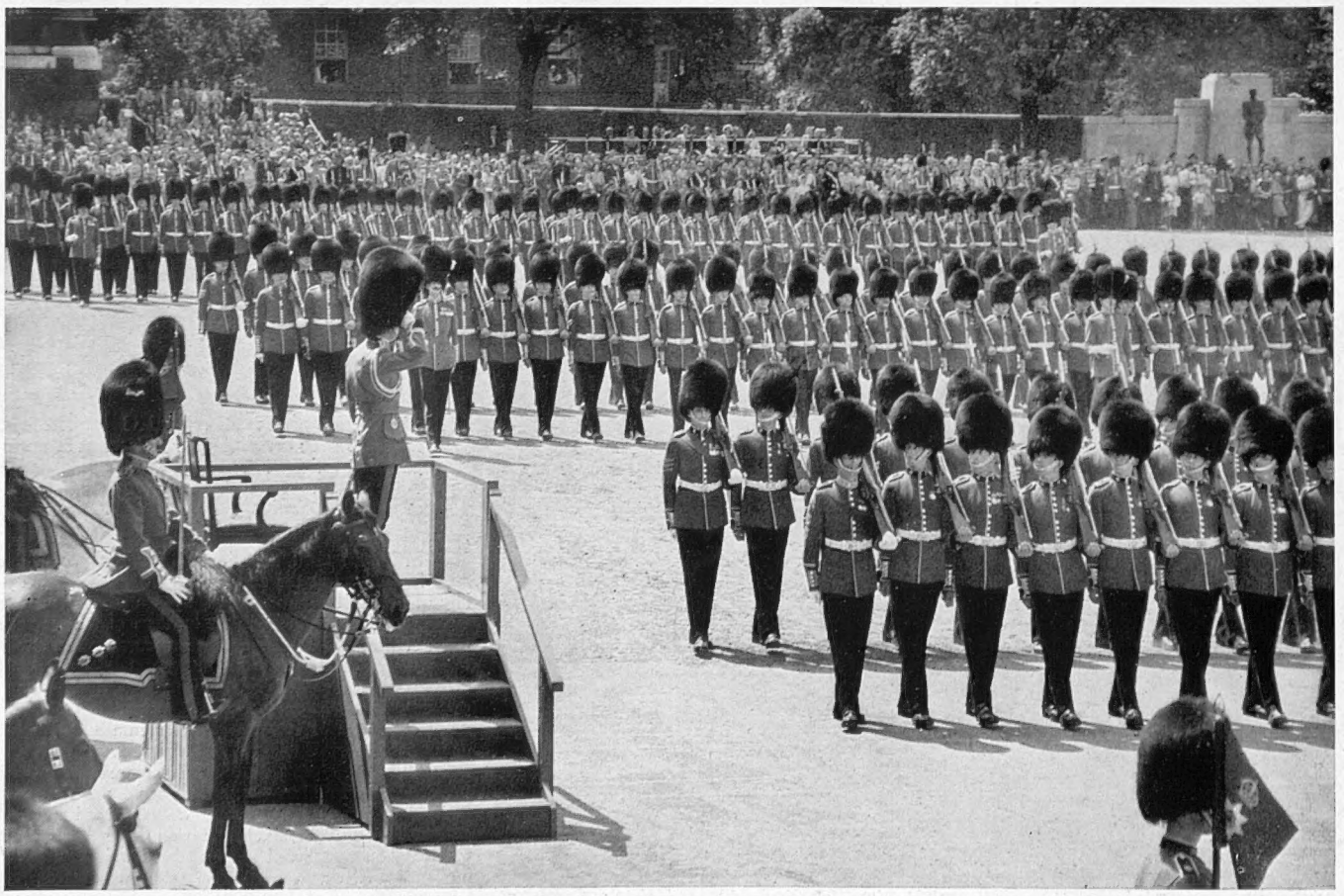
THE FINAL RESTING-PLACE AT WINCHESTER: This was the scene in William of Wykeham's Cloister Garth at Winchester College, where the body of Field Marshal Earl Wavell was lowered into the yew-lined grave. Last Post and Reveille were sounded and the service concluded with a lament played by a Pipe-Major

Field Marshal Lord Wavell, soldier and man of letters, died in London at the end of May at the age of sixty-seven. He will long be remembered by his countrymen as one who bore some of the greatest burdens of the war at a time when successes were few because resources were stretched to the breaking-point. Even so, he won at least one spectacular success, his tremendous advance across Cyrenaica and Libya proving him to be a brilliant opportunist in tactics. Wavell was indeed one of the few British commanders in the early days of the struggle who realised how to wage a war of movement. His later posts in India as Commander-in-Chief and Viceroy were of no less vital importance, but his incursion into political realms was not happy. Wavell earned a considerable reputation as a writer, and his essay on *Generals and Generalship* will long be remembered as a model of its kind. Lord Wavell's funeral last week, in which the coffin was taken by launch from the Tower of London to Westminster, was impressive in its pageantry and a fitting tribute to one of the great figures who emerged to fame in the Second World War.

THE COLOUR, EMBLEM OF A BATTALION'S HONOUR AND LOYAL SERVICE, IS TROOPED ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: This picture was taken from the Admiralty Citadel as the troops, in scarlet and bearskins, paraded on the vast square during the official celebration of the King's birthday. This famous annual occasion, gave Londoners and visitors to London a day of splendid pageantry. In command of the parade was Colonel E. R. Hill, of the Coldstream Guards, and taking part were 1,351 officers and men of the Guards, the mounted band of the Royal Horse Guards, and the massed bands, drums and pipes of the Brigade of Guards

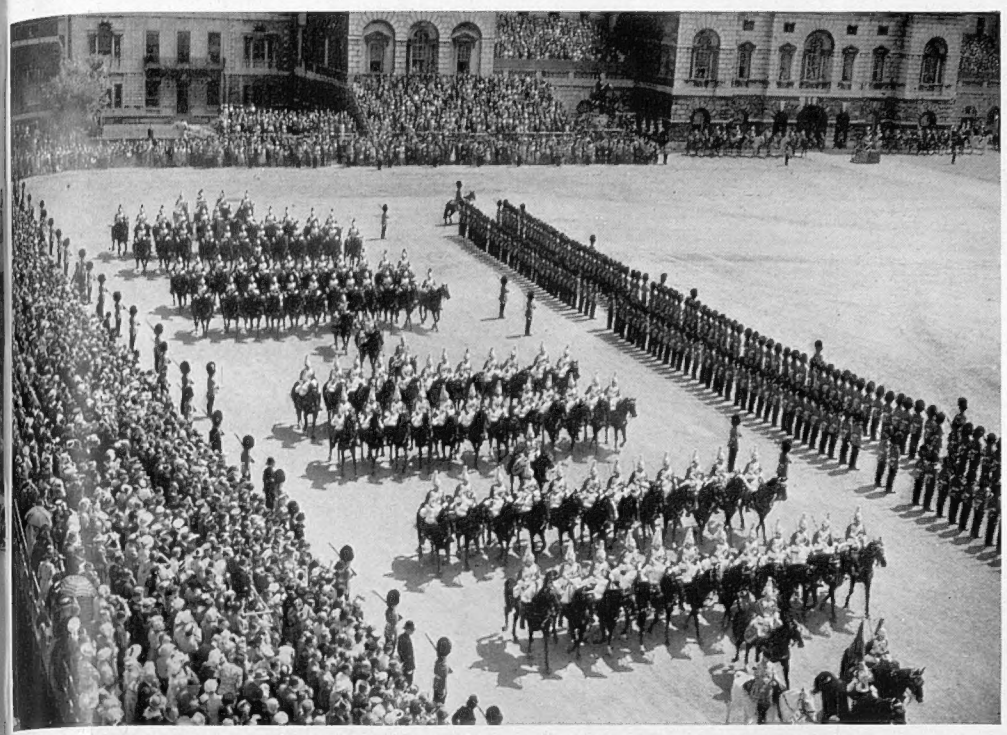
LONDON'S GREAT DAY OF PAGEANTRY

TROOPING THE COLOUR ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE

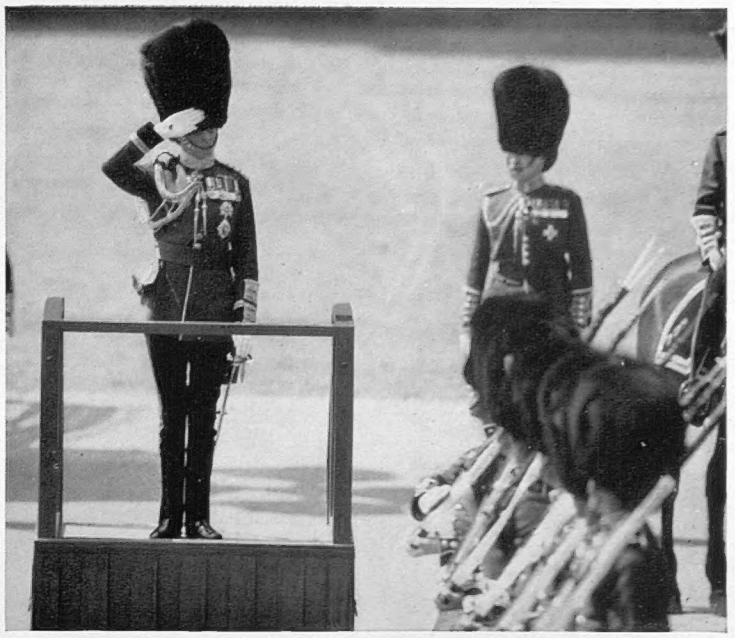


FROM THE ROYAL DAIS ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE THE KING TAKES THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST: His Majesty, in the full-dress uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards, standing at the salute as the marching columns gave eyes right. The King drove down to the Horse Guards Parade in a carriage, as it was not considered wise that he should ride as yet

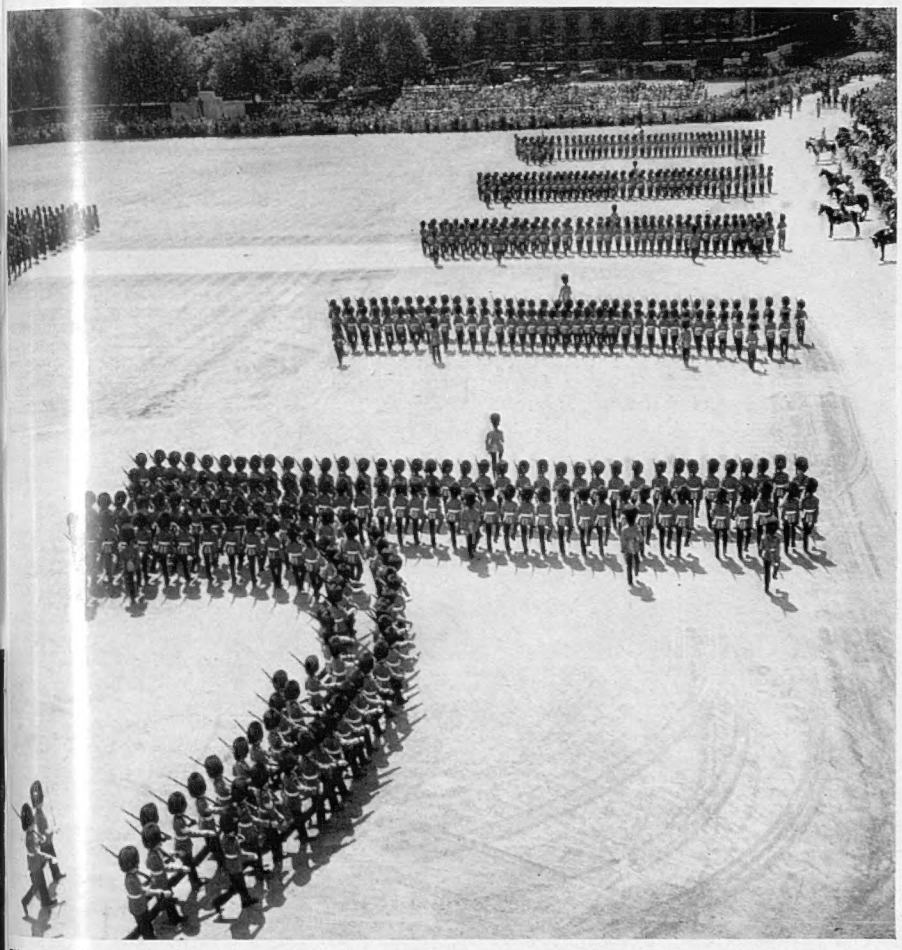
MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WHO ceremonial that His Majesty took a right are—Lady Pamela Mountbatten, Princess Elizabeth, Lady Patricia



THE SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT COMPLETES ITS MARCH AFTER PASSING THE SALUTING DAIS: Scarlet tunics, blue tunics, shining steel, flying plumes, white breeches and gauntlets against the glossy black of fine horses made an unforgettable picture

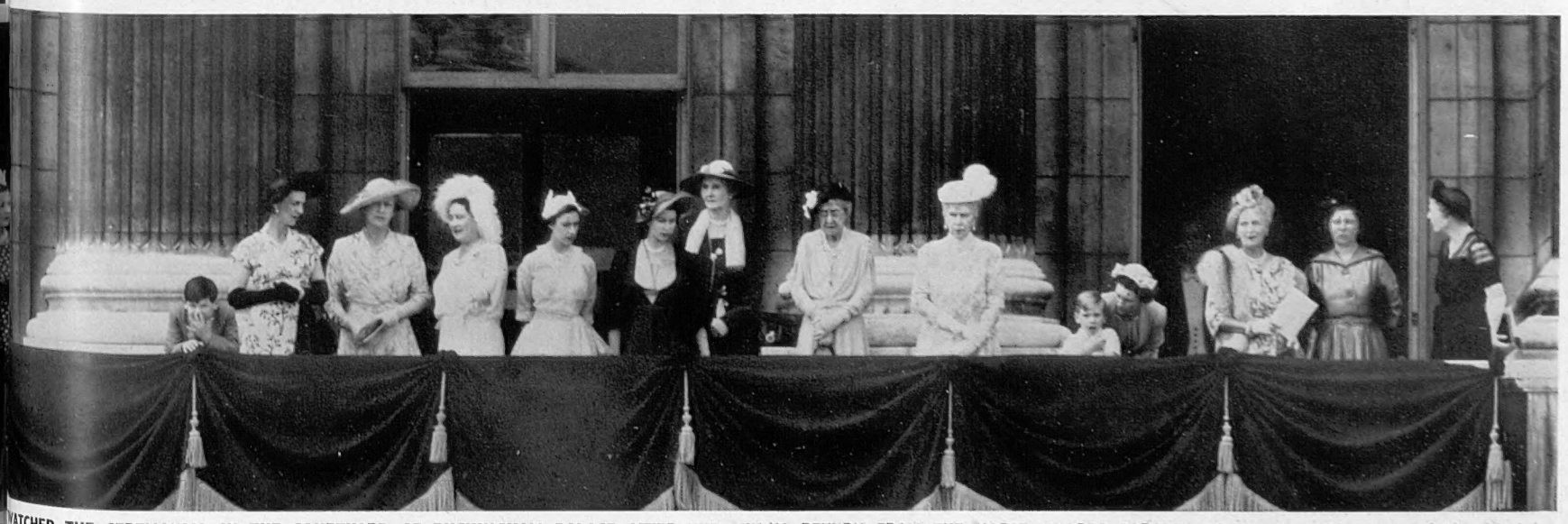


KING GEORGE VI ON THE SALUTING DAIS: The fact that His Majesty wore the full dress of Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards was a reminder that that regiment is now celebrating its tercentenary. On the King's uniform he wore wings, a reminder that the R.A.F. was taking part in the ceremonial



THE MARCHING COLUMNS VIEWED FROM THE ADMIRALTY CITADEL: For steadiness and precision there has probably never been any equal of last week's ceremony. In the midst of a heat-wave the Guardsmen were on parade from 9.15 a.m. to 12.15 p.m., and some had even been doing P.T. at 7 a.m. One of the soldiers fell before the parade began, but the others kept their ground

THE KING AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY WATCH THE FLY-PAST AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Eighteen Lincoln aircraft from Bomber Command flew over in salute to the King on his official birthday. This was the first time they had taken part in the celebrations. The fly-past came late in the morning, after the King had already left the Palace balcony, but the Royal party came out once again, the King bareheaded, to witness this tribute from Britain's flying men. The bombers flew in over the Mall at 1,000 ft. and passed over the Palace with perfect precision



WATCHED THE CEREMONIAL IN THE COURTYARD OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE KING'S RETURN FROM THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: It was at this stage of the birthday final salute, and after the last of the troops, the Household Cavalry, had passed, he turned to the balcony and saluted members of the Royal Family. From left to Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Countess Mountbatten, Prince Michael of Kent, the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, Her Majesty the Queen, Princess Margaret, Rumsay, Princess Marie Louise, Her Majesty Queen Mary, Prince Richard of Gloucester, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alice, Lady May Abel Smith, and Lady Helena Gibbs

THE SAILORS AND THE GIRLS THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM HOLD THE STAGE IN "CAROUSEL": Members of the tuneful and hard-working chorus who provide most of the highlights in *Carousel*, the new American musical which came to Drury Lane last week as the successor to the marathon musical *Oklahoma!* The words are by Oscar Hammerstein II and the music is by Richard Rodgers, but not everyone on the first night thought that this musical would prove another *Oklahoma!*

THE NEW MUSICAL AT DRURY LANE

Two Pictures Taken at the Opening Night of *Carousel*

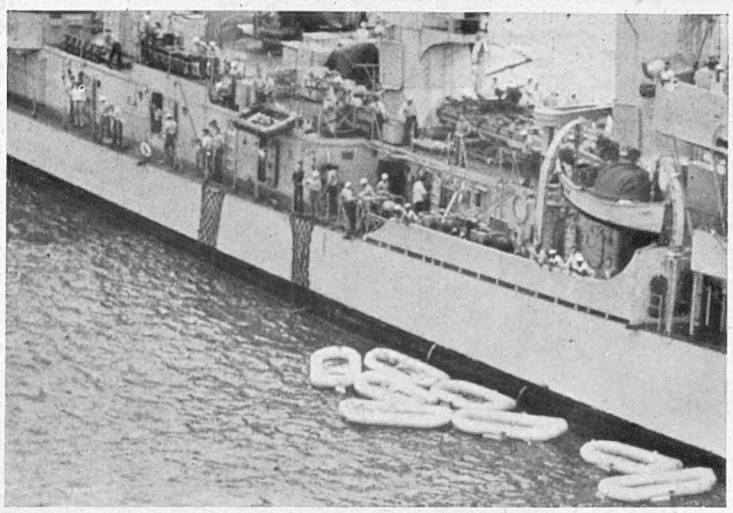
Twenty-four years ago Londoners were presented with the Hungarian playwright Molnar's *Liliom*, which failed dismally, even though the young couple were played by Ivor Novello and Fay Compton, and the villain was presented with memorable force by the rising young actor Charles Laughton. Now, nearly a quarter of a century later, the story of *Liliom*, its setting translated from Hungary to the New England shore and its dialogue refurbished by Oscar Hammerstein II, provides the theme for the new Drury Lane musical *Carousel*, the successor of *Oklahoma!* The result is colourful and tuneful, though perhaps lacking the rhythmic excellencies of *Oklahoma!*; but somehow or other the sombre theme does not make ideal Drury Lane entertainment. The first act is very much in the tradition of the great musical, but the second act, with one scene set in the back-door of heaven and another in the atmosphere of New England evangelism, may not appeal to those who demand the mixture as before, or who wince at the mawkishly sentimental.

Stephen Douglass, a young American baritone, plays the part of the braggart barker from the Carousel, and Iva Withers, a young Canadian, is his dewy-eyed wife, whom he knocks around until such time as he learns she is going to have a baby. It is then that the barker is killed in a dockside fight, and the setting, much to the general embarrassment, is temporarily transferred to the realms above. On the first night Bambi Linn (a delightful dancer and a good actress) received an ovation for her playing as the barker's daughter.

ENOCH AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE: The New England fisherman, dressed in his Sunday best, comes upon the scene at Nettie's Spa, where he finds his girl-friend launching forth in pæans of praise of his home-making qualities. She in turn hides her head with shame at being thus surprised. The bride-to-be (Margot Moser) and her friend, Julie Jordan (Iva Withers), are seen standing together on the left. Miss Withers is a Canadian, and her wistful features are well suited to the part of the girl who is too good for the barker from the Carousel who woos her and then spurns her viciously

TRAGEDY IN THE AIR AND ON THE LINE

Two U.S. Aircraft Crash, and a Scottish Express Catches Fire

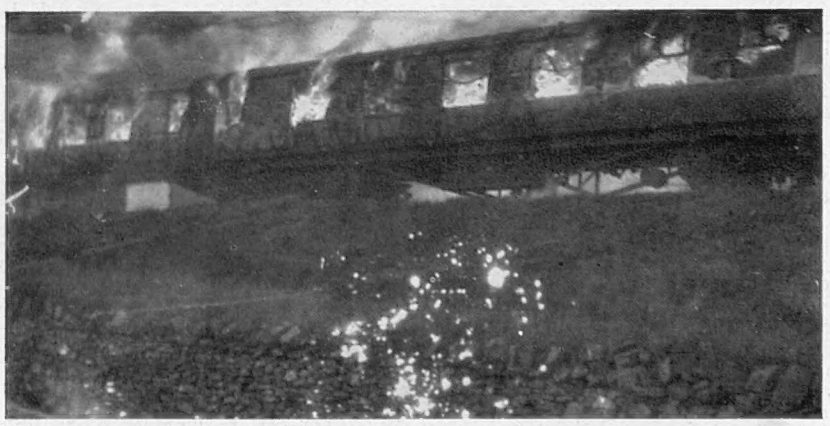


THE UNITED STATES DESTROYER "SAUFLEY" MAKES AN OCEAN RESCUE: The vessel in the Atlantic Ocean 275 miles north-east of Miami, Florida, where she took aboard from life-rafts survivors of the C 46 plane which crashed into the sea after the failure of two of her engines. The crew of three and thirty-four of the passengers, Puerto Rican migratory workers on their way from San Juan, Puerto Rico, to farms in New Jersey, were rescued without undue difficulty, the pilot having given precise directions before the fatal descent. An intensive search was made by planes and surface ships for the other passengers, but without result

THE U.S.S. "SAUFLEY" TO THE RESCUE: This air view was taken just as the American destroyer was standing by to pick up survivors of the air-liner which crashed in the Atlantic

AFTER AN AMERICAN BOMBER HAD FALLEN INTO THE NORTH SEA: The British trawler *Warren* in port at Lowestoft where she landed one body and two of the survivors, one of whom, Staff Sergeant Warren J. Ebert, is seen being helped to a waiting ambulance. The lost B 29 Superfortress, which was shot down by its own cannon owing to a faulty turret fixture, belonged to the 72nd Strategic Reconnaissance Squadron based on Sculthorpe, near Fakenham. The machine came down at 6.30 in the evening, her position being ten miles or more to the north-north-east of the Smith's Knoll light-vessel. Another survivor was picked up by a Norwegian vessel, and later transferred to a British vessel making for Great Yarmouth. Three bodies were recovered, and on Friday of last week four men were still missing

CAPTAIN H. J. WALSH LANDS AT LOWESTOFT: The rescued skipper of the ill-fated B 29 Superfortress on his arrival at the East Coast fishing port. He was driven to Sculthorpe to report



FIVE PEOPLE DIED IN THIS BLAZING SCOTTISH EXPRESS: A man, two women, a girl of three and a two-year-old boy were the victims of this disaster which occurred at 5.30 p.m. near Beatock, between Carlisle and Carstairs, the train being the 11.15 a.m. Birmingham to Glasgow express. The fire apparently started between the first and second coaches, possibly in the canvas canopy surrounding the communicating doors. Flames spread rapidly and firemen described it as "like a furnace." The engine-driver stopped the train near a row of cottages near Harthope Viaduct. It was reported at first that the driver had stopped because of a signal given by Mr. A. Moffat, a railway ganger, from the line, but passengers on the train said that the communication-cord had been pulled. One elderly woman was rescued by Mr. Moffat, whose cottage is near the viaduct. When the train stopped he entered a coach and found the woman, who had collapsed, in one of the compartments. He brought her out and then went back again to search for others. The heat was too intense and he was burned and driven back. Four fire brigades—from Moffat, Abington, Lanark and Motherwell—rushed to the scene

BURNT-OUT COACHES OF THE SCOTTISH EXPRESS: The twisted metalwork bears testimony to the intense heat. The undamaged coaches, which had been uncoupled, were linked to the engine and the train resumed its journey to Glasgow. As soon as the fire was extinguished, salvage officers searched the wreckage of the first two coaches for valuable jewellery which was reported to have been carried in the train

POLITICS ON AND OFF THE CENTRE COURT

Playing the Game in the Style of 1950

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE National Baseball Congress of the United States recently invited Premier Josef V. Stalin to approve an exchange of Russian Rugby and American baseball teams to help to prevent the "cold war from getting any hotter."

It was never made clear enough whether Russians were to play each other, or Americans, in America, and whether American baseball teams were to play each other, or Russians, in the Soviet Union. I put it in the past because the Kremlin hasn't answered, and for once perhaps it 's as well.

Apart from the risks of politics developing direly in the scrum and on the diamond, there's the question whether American baseball is in any state to serve as a soothing export. I haven't in mind the fan who vainly pulled the trigger on umpire McGowan, of Greenwood, South Carolina, and was himself shot dead by umpire McGowan, so much as the apparent need for an electronic umpire to put decisions above challenge.

No others than the famous Brooklyn Dodgers are experimenting with the portable umpire which can be moved up and down in height, so that a level pair of eyes may be kept on events: 4 ft. high at the normal, 2 ft. wide, and 1½-in. thick, this sporting freak's innards consist of a complex series of mirrors and lenses designed by the General Electric Company.

Three electronic beams scan the area through which the pitcher hurls the ball, and as the latter passes through this area, one of several lights registers its plane and curve. A recording cabinet 10 yards distant from the electronic umpire and connected with "him" by a tube translates the electric-light signals into speech and shouts out the play.

Alter "shouts" to "calls"—and we are at Wimbledon.

Now there are one or two things about this year's Wimbledon which create a lively sense of anticipation. Nothing so revolutionary as a robot; umpires will still be human. Yes, and they will also be more in the picture than for many a day. Heretofore—according to the Umpires' Association—if an umpire came into conflict with a prominent player, it would be the umpire who would be sacrificed. The Wimbledon management have now undertaken to back umpires who correctly show their authority.

In particular, players, however celebrated, are to be stopped from sneaking unauthorised rests during a match. This they can contrive by taking undue time with their towels, spectacles and drinks between games, and by taking rests on the ground when they slip or fall during play.

A great rester was Falkenburg in 1948. Playing his fellow-American Malloy, he fell several times and showed no signs of getting up until the umpire had spoken with him for relatively quite a while. Well, all that is to cease. Players must get up at once or be counted out, as it were, while their reviving ablutions between games must be limited to wiping the perspiration off their hands and faces, and to drinking a very quick one.

Then there is Miss Gertrude Augusta Moran, of Santa Monica, Calif., no beauty she but full of personality, a girl who 's got the formula for making people warm to her. "Her lace panties set Wimbledon on ear last year, and the British loved it. In Egypt her black shorts made news; in India she shot a leopard, got herself tentatively engaged. . . ." But what is this the New York editorial goes on to say?

"Now that this Rover-girl is home again, her interviews are laden with abstruse nonsense of a 'changed woman.' No more lace panties, no more T-shirts, no more plunging necklines. We don't believe a word of it." Indeed we hope they 're right in New York, as they certainly are in adding that "with a warm and legitimate interest in femininity a lot of people will be looking ahead to Wimbledon and Forest Hills with a zest that exceeds athletic speciality."

But perhaps it will be the appearance of the Egyptian lawn-tennis representatives, J. Drobny and V. Cernik, that will make steady Wimbledonians think hardest. How the former Czech champions came to sport the Crescent cleaves to the very bottom of the greatest schism sport has ever known, and is to be had in the words of the President of the Lawn Tennis Association, Lord Templewood. Speaking at the annual general meeting in December, of events at Gstaad the previous July, this authority drew the following picture:

"Two shabbily dressed foreigners drove on to the ground and ordered the two well-known Czechoslovak players Drobny and Cernik to retire at once from the tournament. The two foreigners were the Press Attachés of the Czechoslovak Legation, and had come with orders from their Government to force Drobny and Cernik to scratch in the tournament, leave Switzerland at once and return to Czechoslovakia, presumably to be treated as thousands of non-Communist Czechs are being treated there to-day.

"Drobny and Cernik refused. The next day one of the attachés returned and once more gave the order. When it was not carried out he flew into a violent passion and tore down from the notice-board in the club-house the Press communiqué stating that Drobny and Cernik had decided to continue to play in the tournament. Since then they have renounced their Czech citizenship. In the meanwhile the Czechoslovak Government has absorbed the Czech Lawn Tennis Association into the Communist machine, and has publicly declared that henceforth Czech players and athletes are to be educated in Communist doctrines and to become Communist agents."

THE TRIUMPH OF BUDGE PATTY IN PARIS: The American victor in the French Championships and his Czech opponent, Jaroslav Drobny (left), who now plays under the Egyptian banner, seen in the Stade Roland Garros during an interval between sets in their final match. The duel went to five sets, and Drobny lost the last of them 7—5. Budge Patty is unranked in the United States, but he has a world reputation as a giant-killer

If politics and international sport are coming more sharply into collision than could have been conceived possible even a year ago, without much doubt the encounter has crystallised at Wimbledon more than anywhere else. Communist activities were first discovered there in 1948, but were hushed up. Last year they hovered more insistently around the Centre Court and some mild notice had to be taken of them. What 1950 may hold in store in the same line is unpredictable.

Outwardly the Stalinists are withdrawing everywhere from sporting contact with the West, but Communist propaganda works in mighty strange ways. Lawn tennis, with its international tournaments in almost every country and its coming and going of stars and their parties, is the ideal sporting implement or vehicle for spreading political propaganda. Players are popular, healthy specimens whose spoken views seldom fall on deaf ears. In the past there were notorious Fascist and Nazi attempts to use popular stars for the purpose of making converts, and even as agents. What 's different to-day is the far greater intensity with which the same thing is being done.

Is it to be feared? No, but it 's definitely to be guarded against. This is clearly what Lord Templewood thinks, and his opinion is more than that of a high tennis authority, since he is a former head of British Intelligence both in Petrograd and in Rome. He considers that players representing a totalitarian country are agents of its Government, trained Communist agents. He instanced the case of Asboth, leading Hungarian tennis player:

"At Bucharest last autumn he spent much of the time in publicly abusing American and British sport." After which he revealed himself with this statement to the Press: "The Hungarian sportsmen side by side with the Hungarian workers, are with the sportsmen of the Soviet Union, the people of the great land of Socialism, the leading power of the huge peace front."

Asboth himself may be a second-rater, and a crude one at that, yet he stands for thousands of players of games in the Satellite lands who are being trained to propagate Communism through sport. Prague and Budapest lead the way. Prague always seems to be singing to Moscow, "What you can do, I can do more of." For fear of losing any more athletes to the non-Communist West, the Czech Government has established finishing schools. Courses in political and ideological education last a month, and only those who pass will even be considered for sporting fixtures beyond the confines of the Curtain.

The Czechs have not only lost tennis stars, but hockey and ice-hockey players, skating champions, and even footballers. Premier Zapotocky appears to have been positively overwrought consequent upon losing eighteen-year-old ice-skater Aja Vrzanova and similarly-aged figure-skater Kirina Nekolova. The two cases were instances of "capitalist attacks on Czechoslovakia," the Prime Minister told a congress of Czech women.

Mlle. Vrzanova had become a world champion "with the support of her homeland," but then "the Republic ceased to become free enough for her. She therefore decided freely to betray her country and to make American dollars out of her championship title gained under the Czechoslovak flag. Sonja Henie left her native Norway for Hollywood. At that time, nobody wrote that she left Norwegian slavery in order to embrace American freedom." There you have it all, and don't forget it 's a European Prime Minister speaking!

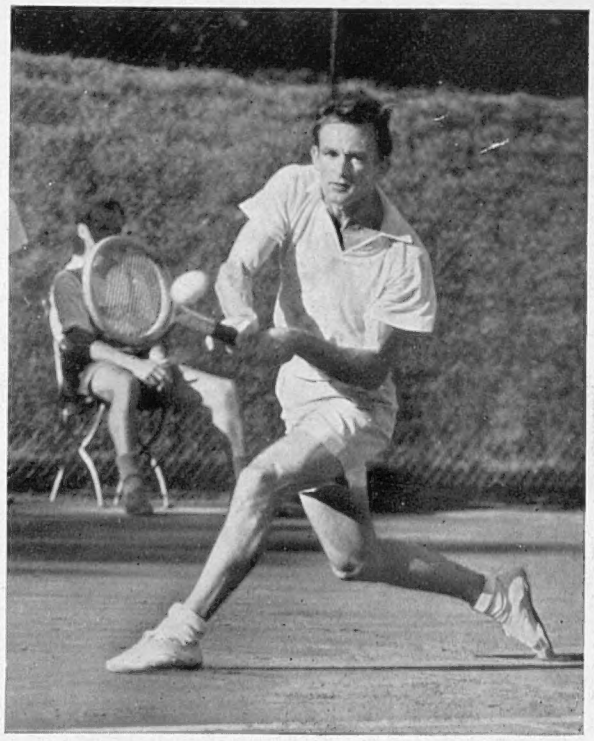
The odd thing about these people is that it never seems to occur to them that they may be the ones at fault. What they would like to do is tolerably plain. They would like to send their athletic and sports stars in all directions, have them indulge in all-out propaganda whilst abroad, carry off most of the prizes *and* return safe and sound to base, still the trusty Communists who set out.

When it doesn't work out like that, when their champions are only with difficulty kept from bolting, when the West shows signs of being awake to what is being essayed, still more prepared, in the world of sport, then we witness a Zapotocky act.

"Is it possible," asks Lord Templewood, "to maintain athletic co-operation with countries whose conception of games is so utterly opposed to our own?" It rather seems as if the matter may be passing beyond the scope and realm of mere games and the manner in which they are played. Regrettable as it may be, sport has been hauled well and truly into the cold war. For proof of that, you only have to turn to the East's steadily developing policy of severing all sporting associations with the Western world.

Instead of quarrelling with the Australians over past "How 's that?" and mourning the take-off of a brace of footballers for Bogota, it might be a good idea to consider how sport could be made to reinforce the Atlantic Community, commencing possibly with the readmission of German sport.

But the last word in it all goes to Bing Crosby, vanquished in the first round of the Amateur Golf Championship: "I guess the only reason I came to Britain was to get a free wig."



GEOFFREY BROWN LOSES TO A GERMAN VETERAN: The Australian making a two-handed shot in his 3½-hour battle with Gottfried von Cramm, who beat Brown in five sets in the first post-war Australia versus Germany Lawn Tennis Tournament. The match was played at the Rot Weiss Club, and Von Cramm revealed much of the form which in pre-war days nearly brought him the Wimbledon title on more than one occasion

NEW YORK NEARS 8,000,000

HELSINKI CELEBRATES 400 YEARS OF HISTORY

MODERN GOTHAM FROM THE SKIES—THE NEW SKYLINE OF MANHATTAN AS THE UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS NEARS COMPLETION: This aerial view, taken from a plane flying above the East River, shows in the foreground on the left the U.N. skyscraper on the riverside site presented to the United Nations by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jnr. The two largest skyscrapers in the background are the 102-storey Empire State Building (1,248 ft.) and the 77-storey Chrysler Building (right centre) of 1,046 ft. Manhattan's population now hovers round the 2,000,000 mark, and the population of the city of New York, including Brooklyn, the Bronx, Richmond and Queens, is nearly 8,000,000. The 1950 census is now being completed

THE QUADRIGENARY OF HELSINKI—THE FINNISH CAPITAL, WHICH REACHED ITS 400TH ANNIVERSARY ON JUNE 12: This aerial view shows the South Harbour and, beyond the Katajanokka, the North Harbour. In the foreground is the diplomatic sector where many Envoys reside. Helsinki has a population of 327,000

The history of Finland is one long story of a fight either to wrest independence of Russia or to maintain that independence once won. That fight is still going on, for the Finnish Republic, large in extent but limited in population, lies perilously close to Leningrad, which is fewer than 200 miles away by sea. Helsinki, called Helsingfors in the days when it was part of the Russian Grand Duchy of Finland, was founded 400 years ago by Gustavus I of Sweden, the city then being about 5 miles to the north-east of the present site. It was not until 1819, however, that it became the capital of Finland. Helsinki, throughout its history, has had Swedish characteristics, and the majority of the population is of Scandinavian origin. The traditional antipathy to Russia is indeed deep-rooted, and a reminder of the interminable wars of the eighteenth century when Finland became the theatre of bloody struggles between Russians and Swedes. The twentieth century has, if anything, seen an intensification of the struggle. In the Russo-Finnish War of 1939 Helsinki was heavily bombed by Russian aircraft on numerous occasions. In June 1941 Finland joined Germany in her attack on Russia, and Helsinki was again bombed repeatedly until the Armistice in September 1944.

THE KING AND QUEEN WALK THROUGH A LINE OF CHEERING BOYS: Their Majesties in the College garden when they visited Westminster School last week to open formally the rebuilt College dormitory, the building designed by Sir Christopher Wren and destroyed by incendiary bombs in May 1941. Before the reopening Their Majesties attended a thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey, a reminder that for long the School was part of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter. One of the great features of the visit was the granting, at the King's request, of an extra week's holiday to the boys

"VIVAT REX GEORGIUS VIVAT REGINA ELIZABETHA"

THE BOYS OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL ACCLAIM THE KING AND QUEEN AT A REOPENING CEREMONY

"*Vivat Rex Georgius, Vivat Regina Elizabetha!*" With these words the captain of Westminster School concluded his oration before the King and Queen when they visited Westminster last week for the reopening of the College dormitory, and immediately the cry was taken up by all the King's Scholars. The King then formally replied, saying: "I thank you, gentlemen, for the scholarly and, as far as I understood it, friendly welcome which you as King's Scholars have given to the Queen and myself. Thirteen years ago your predecessors, the King's Scholars of 1937, exercised their unique privilege of saluting me at my coronation. The fanfare of trumpets and the cries of '*Vivat!*' stir moving memories of that historic ceremony in our hearts. I am glad that I can repay the courtesy then shown to me by Westminster scholars by coming here to-day to salute you on your return to your old home. Of all the great schools of England, Westminster has suffered most from the ravages of war. Although much remains to be done, yet, thanks to the loyalty of its sons, the generosity of its friends, and the devotion of its members, and particularly of your late headmaster, Mr. John Christie, Westminster School stands on its feet again in the centre of London. The dormitory which I am about to reopen fitly symbolises pride in the past and hope for the future."

THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE COLLEGE GARDEN—THE KING AND QUEEN WALKING TO THE RECONSTRUCTED COLLEGE DORMITORY WHICH THE KING FORMALLY OPENED BY CUTTING A PINK RIBBON SET ACROSS THE DOORWAY: The dormitory, which was once the scene of the annual Latin play, has now been divided into two floors

THE KING RECEIVES A PAIR OF SCISSORS ON A VELVET CUSHION BEFORE OPENING THE REBUILT COLLEGE DORMITORY: After cutting the tape, the King and Queen walked through the dormitory, and they then took tea in the College garden with the Dean, the Headmaster, the Master of the King's Scholars, the captain of the School, the College monitors and the heads of the various Houses

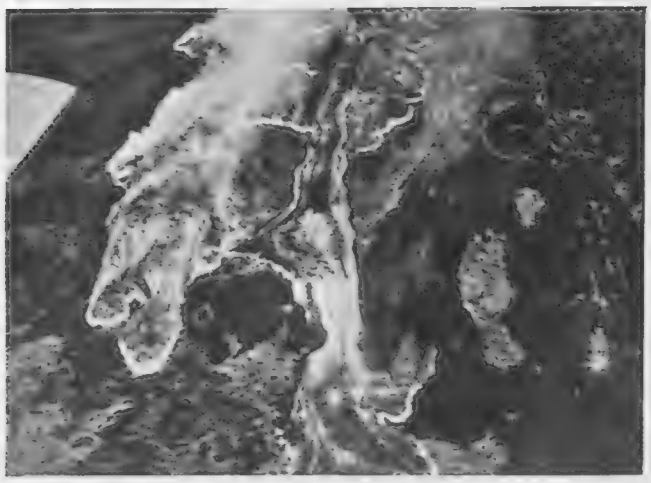
THE KING AND QUEEN TALK WITH THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL AFTER INTRODUCTIONS BY THE HEADMASTER: Stephen Barrett, the captain of the School, offered Their Majesties a welcome from the scholars "who have now at last returned home from their long exile." In his Latin speech he told them that they were revisiting a building erected by the generosity of kings, adorned for more than 200 years by famous sons, and then almost destroyed in dreadful ruin by the enemy

THE QUEEN WITH THE NEW HEADMASTER, MR. WALTER HAMILTON: Behind them the King is seen walking with Mr. John Carleton, who is the Master of the King's Scholars. Westminster has a long-standing Royal tradition, for it was refounded by Queen Elizabeth in 1561. The King holds the title of Visitor to the school

THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE SERVICE: During the service of thanks for the restoration, the King occupied the Sovereign's Stall in the Choir, normally used by the Dean, and the Queen sat in the corresponding stall of the Sub-Dean. They were greeted at the Abbey by the Dean and Chapter, the Headmaster of Westminster and the Master of the King's Scholars

NEWS FROM EUROPE, ASIA, AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA

A SURVEY OF THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES



MAUNA LOA IN ERUPTION : Hawaii's great volcano seen from the air during the recent eruption as lava poured down the south-western slope, searing a broad path across the verdant hill-side before making its way into the ocean, which it entered with a sizzling roar. The present eruption has engulfed 15 houses

WHEN THE LAVA REACHES THE SEA : After cutting a swath across the slopes of Mauna Loa, a molten stream from Hawaii's active volcano boils into the ocean. Geysers and pillaring fumes rose high into the air, and along the path of the lava the once-green mountainside was blackened. Active Mauna Loa and extinct Mauna Loa together form one vast volcanic system, the active crater being Kilauea, on the south-east slopes of Mauna Loa, lava streams from which have been known to extend fifty miles. Kilauea is about 4,000 ft. above sea-level and is three miles long and two miles wide, forming a constantly agitated lake of lava. The most violent eruptions were in 1798, 1823, 1840 and 1868, and on an average the volcano has erupted every 3½ years for a century-and-a-half

A MAN-MADE HILL WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY COVER UP ONE OF THE EYESORES OF BERLIN : Men and women are seen in the foreground engaged in clearing operations in the great park in the French sector, and in the background is the 250-ft.-high anti-aircraft tower which was blown up two years ago by a French demolition crew. Instead of breaking up the concrete from the tower with pneumatic drills—a long and costly process—more than 1,000 labourers working in two shifts have so far moved 565,000 cubic metres of rubble from Berlin's bombed buildings. Eventually the rubble will completely cover the ruins of the "flak" tower, and then, on the slopes of this man-made hill, the City Park Commission intends planting trees and shrubbery. The hill will be terraced and the rubble will have a generous covering of earth enabling elaborate gardens to be formed

FURTHER OUTLOOK, UNSETTLED! Mr. James Griffiths, wearing raincoat and carrying sunshade, Britain's Secretary of State for the Colonies, seen during a visit to the Sungei Besi tin mine in Malaya in the course of his recent tour of the Union in which he went out to study conditions. With him are Mr. W. M. Warren (right), a director of Anglo-Oriental (Malaya) Ltd., and Mr. J. Noall, the general manager of the mine

THE CZECH SPY TRIAL : Dr. Milada Horakova (*left*), the alleged ringleader who has received the death sentence, and Madame Frantiska Zeminova (*right*) giving evidence in the trial of thirteen alleged spies in Prague. Madame Zeminova was accused of setting up nine groups organised for the former Czech Socialist Party—the party to which President Benes used to belong. These groups, each with a military officer in charge and having many sub-divisions in the villages, are said to have sabotaged collective farming in Czechoslovakia. Five State prosecutors have sought to paint a picture of the nation riddled with espionage. One of the group leaders, it is said, was Jiri Wahl, who was sentenced to death some weeks ago. His force, the prosecution maintained, consisted of 300 armed men in the Most district of North Bohemia, where the closely-guarded Stalin synthetic oil plant is situated

THE LAUNCH OF THE S.S. "INDEPENDENCE," LATEST ADDITION TO AMERICA'S PASSENGER FLEET : The 26,000-ton vessel, which is being built on the Fore River at Quincy, Massachusetts, by the Bethlehem Steel Company on behalf of American Export Lines, will operate an express passenger service with her sister-ship *Constitution* (still on the stocks) between the United States and ports of the Mediterranean. The *Independence* is the first large American passenger liner to be built in the past decade. She will carry 1,000 passengers and should be able to average 25 knots on the ocean crossing. In time of war she would be convertible as a troop-carrier

SOMETIMES AN INLAND SEA, SOMETIMES A STRETCH OF GRAZING LAND, A MYSTERY ALIKE TO SETTLERS AND SCIENTISTS: Partly submerged fences and a wind pump engulfed by the waters of Lake George, Australia's mystery lake about 35 miles from Canberra, the Federal capital. For the fourth time in eighty years Lake George has filled with water. Between-times the water has drained away and the lake-bed has been used for farming and grazing

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF LAKE GEORGE: Australia's mystery lake as it appears to-day, following recent heavy rains which drove the sheep which formerly grazed in its bed to higher ground. Each time the lake fills up—and it has done so four times since 1870—it has a little less volume. When it was an attraction for yachtsmen and sportsmen in the 1870's the lake was about 20 miles long, 8 miles wide and in many places several fathoms deep. Now in 1950 it is 14 miles long and for the greater part of its area only a few feet deep. Theories about the appearance and disappearance of the lake, which seems to come and go in cycles of twenty years, are many. Some experts say that far-away artesian bores drain the lake during successive dry seasons. Others maintain that ancient volcanic fissures close and open periodically, either holding the water or allowing it to flow away. The latter theory is supported by the fact that the lake appears to lie in the crater of an extinct volcano. Records show that in 1861 the water disappeared and the rich land which was uncovered was eagerly sought by settlers. A few years later water was lapping round the fences and homesteads, and before long farms were abandoned and completely submerged. By 1874 Lake George had become a popular holiday resort with abundant fish and waterfowl to attract the sportsman

EL INGLES LACKED THE MASTER TOUCH: Vincent Hitchcock, the bullfighter from Britain, in action in the ring at La Linea, on the Spanish side of the frontier near Gibraltar, where he made a far-from-spectacular appearance. Hitchcock was indeed a long way below his usual form, and, on two occasions, when making "the pass of death," repeated thrusts were required before the bull died. In this picture the bull-fighter is seen with the maddened bull charging past him, several banderillas (barbed darts) projecting from the animal's shoulders. The planting of these banderillas by the bullfighter at the moment when the bull is charging is regarded by the Spanish crowds in the nature of high art, as also is the manner in which the bullfighter stands

BELGIUM STILL IN THE THROES OF POLITICAL FERMENT: M. Albert de Vleeschauwer, Belgium's Minister of the Interior and leading member of the victorious Christian Social Party, discussing election returns with his Chef de Cabinet, M. Adam (standing). After obtaining 108 seats in Parliament—a gain of three—the Christian Social Party decided to form a Government in the hope of securing the early return of King Leopold

PRESIDENT RHEE STUMPS THE COUNTRY: The Korean leader and Mrs. Rhee, who are seen standing together on right, were engaged on a lightning tour of the country before the recent elections when the President sought a further term of office. This picture was taken at Sam-nangchin as a delegation of veterans greeted the Presi-dential party. The curious black hats worn by the delegates are an indication of their important status as heads of families. Mrs. Rhee is not a native of Korea

BACK FROM THE BATTLE OF THE BORDER: West German youths, many of them returning from the Whitsuntide rally of the Communists in East Berlin, crossing the frontier near Luebeck when passing from the Russian Zone into the British Zone of Germany. About 8,000 of them had been held up for twenty-four hours on the zonal border when the Minister of the Interior of Schleswig-Holstein insisted on them undergoing a medical examination, giving as his reason the fact that there had been an outbreak of typhoid

"DRINK MORE WINE" IS THE SLOGAN IN GERMANY: Outside Schoeneberg City Hall, West Berlin, glasses are thrust forward to receive the free distribution of 1,000 litres of wine. The wine was given away by West German vintners who are attempting to raise consumption following the statistical revelation that the average German drinks only four litres of wine per annum as compared with the Frenchman's 150 litres

THE PROBLEM OF COMBING OUT THE MALAYAN HINTERLAND: Members of a jungle squad, consisting of British troops, Malayan police and Gurkhas, operating in rocky terrain near a tin-mining area. These patrols are now an unending feature of the anti-bandit battle in Malaya, and during his recent visit to the peninsula Britain's War Minister, Mr. John Strachey, had an opportunity of finding out for himself their arduous nature, particularly in jungle country. To help in this work Dyak trackers have been brought in from Sarawak, and these former head-hunters, who are of the same stock as the Malays, are proving invaluable, for they have keen powers of observation, are intelligent, and have good memories, while their fighting qualities are well known

BRITAIN BRINGS IN THE DYAKS

The Former Head-hunters of Sarawak Operate as Trackers in the Malayan Jungle

No one now doubts the seriousness of the Malayan battle, nor the implications for the sterling area if the battle is lost—nor, for that matter, its importance in the whole future structure of South-East Asia. British troops have been poured into the Malayan peninsula steadily during recent months, and the Gurkhas have added notably to the fighting strength. Now comes news of the large-scale employment of Dyak trackers in the jungle, many of them members of the redoubtable Iban tribe of Sarawak which was once more zealous than all its neighbours in the art of head-hunting. The Dyak, who nearly caused the extermination of his own race by this practice, is a skilful hunter, and his knowledge of the art of ambush, a relic of precarious head-hunting days when no tribesman's lease of life was very long, now stands him in good stead as he leads our patrols through half-known terrain. The British find the Dyak honest and truthful, and the fact that he is cheerful to a degree, as compared with the distinctly morose Malay, makes him an agreeable companion on the march or when camping in the jungle.

A DYAK WARRIOR IN HIS TRIBAL APPAREL, HIS JUNGLE-GREEN UNIFORM AND ARMY BOOTS TEMPORARILY DISCARDED: The Dyaks from Sarawak, now operating as trackers with the anti-bandit patrols in Malaya, are renowned for their fighting qualities. Their favourite weapon is the parang, but most of them are good rifle shots. This man belongs to the Iban tribe, who were in earlier days the most inveterate head-hunters in Sarawak

THE DYAKS LET THEIR HAIR DOWN AND DISCUSS THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY: Iban warriors grouped outside their tent in a British military camp in Malaya where they are attached for duty as trackers. The men have long hair, and whenever they get an opportunity they let it hang down their backs. Physically the Dyaks differ little from the Malays, except in their slimmer figure, lighter colour, more prominent nose and higher forehead. Being slight, the Dyaks are active and not easily fatigued

TOGETHER THEY FIGHT THE HIDDEN MENACE OF THE JUNGLE: A Dyak tracker and two members of the British forces in Malaya. The sergeant on the right is returning to the Dyak the rounds of ammunition he took from him before the latter posed for a picture. The Dyak was not to be short-changed, and even if his arithmetic was not good, he showed he knew ten rounds of 3·03 when he saw them. Dyak assistance has already proved most effective in the jungle

SAKAI ABORIGINALS OF MALAYA ARE BROUGHT TO SAFETY ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE: With bandits infesting the area, killing, torturing and bending the native people to their will, these Sakais have found a home near one of the big rubber estates, where many of them now work as labourers. The women (some of them handsome) now wear more clothing than they did in the jungle

TWO DYAK TRACKERS LEAD THE WAY THROUGH SCRUB COUNTRY SURROUNDING A BRITISH CAMP: Usually when on long patrols the Dyaks wear jungle-green uniform and equipment like the British troops and police, so that they do not present too obvious a target for the bandit sharpshooters. Although their traditional weapons are a curved sword and a spear, it is surprising how well these trackers handle the rifle, and some of them, with very little training, turn into first-class marksmen

NEW SHIPS FROM BRITAIN'S YARDS

Three Ships Leave the Slipway; The *Brighton* Enters into Service

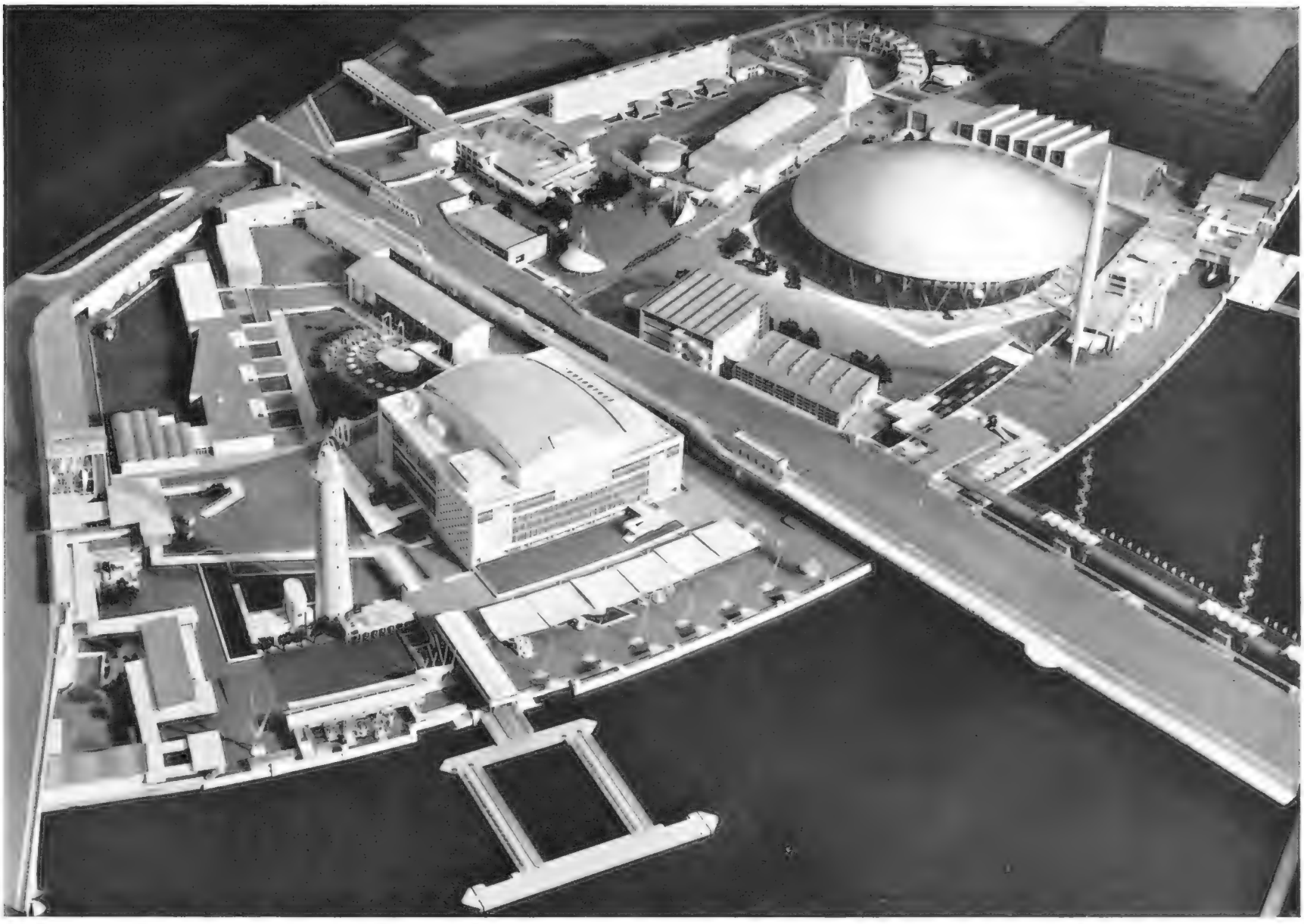
"BRITISH PROSPECTOR" LEAVES THE SLIPWAY—THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW OIL TANKER AT BELFAST: The new motor-driven oil tanker has been built for the British Tanker Company by Harland and Wolff, and is the second of three vessels of the same class to be launched from the Belfast shipyard. The first was the *British Explorer*, which was launched in March, and the third is expected to be launched in a few months' time. The naming ceremony of the new tanker was performed by the wife of Mr. A. H. T. Chisholm, C.B.E., of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., in the presence of officials from the owners and the builders. *British Prospector* is of usual tanker design, with a dead-weight of approximately 12,300 tons. She has a raked stem and cruiser stern and is divided into twenty-seven oil-carrying departments. The vessel is powered by a 6-cylinder, single-acting, 4-stroke Diesel engine

FIVE-YEAR-OLD PENELOPE ANN SWANN LAUNCHES THE 700-TON TANKER "ATHELBROOK" FROM THE CAMMELL, LAIRD SHIPYARDS AT BIRKENHEAD: *On left*—Little Penelope Ann, granddaughter of Sir Michael Kielberg, chairman of Athel Line, the owners of the new tanker, shuts her eyes and clasps her ears as the bottle crashes against the bows of the vessel. *On right*—The newly-named vessel takes the water. The *Athelbrook* is a dual-purpose tanker for molasses and oil. She is expected to be completed by August and is to go into local commission in the British West Indies. The new vessel is approximately 180 ft. long

THE LAUNCH OF THE 440TH SHIP FOR THE P. & O. AND BRITISH INDIA SHIPPING COMPANIES—THE "SANTHIA" IN THE WATER AFTER LEAVING THE BARCLAY CURLE YARD, SCOTSTOUN, GLASGOW: The new ship is 479 ft. in length and has a gross tonnage of 9,650. She was launched by Mrs. J. R. Currie, daughter-in-law of Sir William Currie, chairman of the P. & O. *Santhia* has berth accommodation for twenty-five first-class, sixty-eight second-class and sixty-eight intermediate-class passengers. The ship is powered by twin-screw Diesel engines of the Barclay Curle-Doxford type. At the annual meeting of the Company on the day before the launching, Sir William said that for the present no more orders for additional passenger ships would be made. Since the war the Company had expended over £13,000,000 in new tonnage so far delivered

EMPHASISING THE STREAMLINED CONSTRUCTION OF THE S.S. "BRIGHTON," THE NEW CHANNEL STEAMER NOW PLYING BETWEEN NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE: The 2,875-ton vessel entered into service during the first week of June and will do much to ease the cross-Channel holiday traffic. The *Brighton* is the sixth ship to be so named and replaces a predecessor which was bombed and sunk in Dieppe Harbour in 1940 whilst serving as a hospital-carrier evacuating wounded troops. Built by Messrs. William Denny and Bros., of Dumbarton, the *Brighton* has an overall length of 311 ft., a speed of 24 knots and is designed to carry 1,450 passengers. Two notable features of this vessel are the steel tripod masts, which are the first to be fitted to a cross-Channel steamer and which avoid the necessity of fitting stays and shrouds; and secondly, a large, streamlined funnel which is constructed in aluminium. The ship has four decks with passenger accommodation on each. The Mayor and Corporation of Brighton have presented a painting of the Royal Pavilion to the ship

THE NEW CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER "BRIGHTON," WHICH HAS NOW ENTERED INTO SERVICE ON THE NEWHAVEN—DIEPPE ROUTE: The vessel is owned jointly by British Railways and the Société Nationale des Chemins de Fer Français, and was launched last October at Dumbarton by Madame Lemaire, wife of the President of the International Union of Railways



THE GREAT EXHIBITION ON THE SOUTH BANK BETWEEN COUNTY HALL AND WATERLOO BRIDGE: This bird's-eye view shows the site as it will appear by May 1951 if the present plans are brought to maturity in the scheduled time. On the left of the railway which bisects the site is the great concert hall beside the Shot Tower, and on the right the dominant feature is the Dome of Discovery, which will be 93 ft. high and 365 ft. in diameter. Inside the dome the story of British leadership and discovery in air exploration will be told. The picture at the foot of this page shows the scene from a slightly different angle

WHAT IT WILL LOOK LIKE IN 1951

First Pictures of the Festival of Britain Exhibition

From time to time readers of THE SPHERE have seen in these pages the progress of the preparations for the Great Exhibition of 1951 which will be held on London's South Bank between County Hall and the southern approach to Waterloo Bridge. Here are reproduced bird's-eye views showing how the Exhibition site will appear when the great project is brought to fruition in the spring of next year. The outstanding architectural features of the Exhibition are the £2,000,000 concert hall, which will be a permanent addition to the amenities of South London, and the Dome of Discovery, a vast structure of aluminium, a material as typical of the age as were the sheet-glass and cast iron which went to the construction of the Crystal Palace over 100 years ago.

C

THE RESTORATION OF UPPER SCHOOL, ETON, WHICH WAS COMPLETED IN TIME FOR THE FOURTH OF JUNE CELEBRATIONS : Some of the new brickwork and stonework is seen on the right. In 1940, when Eton College was involved in the blitz, one or two delayed-action bombs caused a grievous gap between Upper School, built about 1690, and Lower School, completed not later than 1500. Following this breach Lupton's Tower could be seen from the roadway. The breach has now been made good, and as a result speeches were heard in Upper School this year for the first time since 1940. The restoration has been carried out during the past two and a half years under the direction of Lord Mottistone and Mr. Paul Paget. It has not only involved the matching up of the exterior, but the piecing together of innumerable fragments of the interior woodwork

LINKS WITH ENGLAND'S HISTORIED PAST

THE RESTORED ROOF IN THE ARCADE OF ETON'S UPPER SCHOOL : The pillars in the foreground belong to the original structure, while some of those in the background are new. This arcaded lower storey belongs to the late seventeenth century

IN MAGNA CARTA CHURCH, RUNNYMEDE : On the left of the altar in this celebrated church is this well-preserved seventeenth-century portrait monument of Robert Foster beneath a sculptured shield of the family arms. Robert Foster, who became Lord Chief Justice in the reign of Charles II, lived at Great Fosters, Egham, now a popular hotel

THE MEMORIAL TO THE TWO WIVES OF SIR JOHN DENHAM : This is another of the monuments in St. John the Baptist's, Runnymede, the so-called Magna Carta Church. Sir John Denham, born in 1559, became a Baron of the Exchequer. His first wife was Cecile Kelliget (right) and his second wife Eleanor Moore, who is seen holding in her arms her second daughter. The small figure is that of her eldest son, who succeeded to the title and became illustrious as a poet. This little figure was once missing. It is said to have been found in a local curiosity shop and to have been restored by the hand of Flaxman

NOW PREPARING FOR THE ANNUAL TOURIST INVASION : The Church of St. John the Baptist, Runnymede, built on the spot where on June 12, 1215, King John signed the Great Charter, receives many visitors during the summer months, a large proportion of them Americans who come to see this hallowed spot in the democratic tradition. The church was built in 1817 on the site of the Norman church built in the twelfth century. Inside is a copy of Magna Carta, and round the gallery are reproduced the shields of the twenty-five barons chosen to witness the signing and to act as sureties in the defence of the Charter. The vicar of St. John the Baptist is Hon. Chaplain to the Baronial Order of Magna Carta, whose members are American descendants of the Surety Barons. It has been disputed whether the Charter-signing took place in the meadow of Runnymede or on Charter Island, lying just off it

ASHNESS FARM FOR THE NATION—THIS IS PART OF THE LAKELAND PROPERTY WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF DERWENTWATER: The land, comprising 900 acres in all, includes the lakeside strip and fields enclosing Barrow Bay and the steep woods stretching from Barrow House almost to Lodore. The Watendlath road enters Ashness Farm just before it crosses the famous Ashness Bridge. To the left of the road lies Ashness Farm itself and on the right the crags of Ashness Woods give views across Derwentwater. The woods stretch southwards and actually cross the Watendlath Beck, but do not include the Lodore Falls. Ashness Fell, which is included in the farm, runs right up to High Seat and Pouterhow Pike. The farm has been bought with money from the estate of Miss Beatrice Mary Raine Harrop, placed at the Trust's disposal at the desire of her sister and executrix, Miss Edith K. L. Harrop

REPAIRING LAMB HOUSE, RYE, FROM 1897 TO 1916 THE HOME OF HENRY JAMES: The house has been given to the National Trust by Mrs. Henry James, widow of the novelist's nephew. It is to be preserved as "an enduring symbol of the ties that unite the British and American peoples." Lamb House is brick-built and partly dates from 1760. During the war it was severely damaged, and dampness caused serious dry rot. Restoration, including war damage and the provision of improvements, is expected to cost not less than £5,000. The Trust proposes to convert the house into two dwellings and to open the study, with its furniture, pictures, books and other relics of the author, as a museum. Repairs will not be completed in less than six months, and the museum is likely to be opened to the public next spring. Henry James was born in New York in 1843, the son of Henry James, a well-known Swedenborgian. From 1869 he made his home in Europe, and he was naturalised as a British subject in 1915. He received the Order of Merit in 1916 and died at Chelsea in the same year. His brother, William was a distinguished American philosopher

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT HOUSE, DUNCHURCH, WARWICKSHIRE, IS TO BE PUT UP FOR SALE BY AUCTION NEXT MONTH: Now a farmhouse, and formerly the Old Lion Inn, it was in this building that the conspirators under Sir Everard Digby assembled on November 4, 1605, in readiness to take action on hearing news of the blowing-up of Parliament from their agent, Guido Fawkes. It was Sir Everard Digby's part in the plot to organise a rising in the Midlands, and it was on the pretence of a hunting party that he assembled prominent Roman Catholics at the Dunchurch house. They were to take action immediately the news arrived from London of the successful destruction of the King and Parliament. It was their special duty to seize the person of the Princess Elizabeth, who was residing in the neighbourhood. The conspirators, riding in haste from London, reached Dunchurch late on the evening of November 6 to tell their story of failure and disaster. It was then that Digby, who might possibly have escaped the more serious charge of high treason, was persuaded by Catesby, with a false tale that the King was dead, to implicate himself still further

THE PROGRESS OF RECONSTRUCTION WORK IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE: This overhead view shows the west side of the Square, now being radically altered to enable traffic to flow freely. The Parliament Square Bill, which came before the Lords last Christmas, aroused a heated controversy, it may be remembered, particularly over the question of the removal or reorientation of the statues. Lord Morison told his colleagues in the Lords: "Unless Parliament Square is redesigned it will be difficult to hold the Great Exhibition of 1951 on the South Bank site because of the volume of traffic which will be using neighbouring Westminster Bridge"

ONE OF THE NEW ROADWAYS UNDER CONSTRUCTION: This view looks across the Square to the Ministry of Health on the north side. Six months ago the view would have included the celebrated Buxton Memorial commemorating the achievement of Sir Thomas Buxton, who secured the passage in 1833 of the Bill which abolished slavery throughout the British Empire. When the Parliament Bill was before the Lords frantic efforts were made to save the Memorial

THE MIDDLESEX GUILDHALL AND THE TOWERS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON THE WEST AND SOUTH SIDES OF THE SQUARE: In the foreground men are seen laying the new roadway which will ease the flow of traffic in Festival of Britain year. The Middlesex Guildhall is the place of meeting (outside its own area) of the County Council embracing what was left of Middlesex after the formation of the County of London. Before there were any county councils there stood there the Westminster Guildhall, which was the Sessions House of the City of Westminster

A NEW LOOK FOR THE HUB OF EMPIRE

Redesigning Parliament Square in Preparation for Festival of Britain Year

Before Bridge Street and Whitehall were built in the nineteenth century the precincts of Parliament were far from open, and such spots as Rhenish Wine Yard, Clinkers Court and White Horse Yard were among the picturesque reminders of the day when houses and shops thronged close about the Palace of Whitehall. Close by Westminster Hall was a notorious coffee-house known to the polite and the impolite alike as Hell, and not far distant was its rival the Bell, where juries swallowed their claret in the afternoon with the same facility as they swallowed their oaths in the morning." Hard by Westminster Abbey, on part of what is now Parliament Square, was the churchyard of St. Margaret's, notorious for its evil-smelling emanations. Indeed, as late as 1850 Dr. Reid reported that "the state of the burying ground is prejudicial to the air supplied at the Houses of Parliament." A new burial ground was at length obtained at Fulham, and the churchyard was duly cleaned up. What had been known for years as the Desert of Westminster was given a new aspect.

Now further changes are taking place in the hub of Empire, and many will remember the spirited debates in both Houses of Parliament which preceded the passage of the necessary legislation for this work.

LOOKING ACROSS PARLIAMENT SQUARE TO THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER: The alterations to the Square are involving the removal or temporary removal of several of the statues. Within the precincts of Parliament there are only two statues, Lord Mancroft has reminded us, "those of Oliver Cromwell, who spent the whole of his time trying to abolish Parliament, and Richard I, who spent the whole of his time trying to avoid summoning it"

TWO MORE ASPECTS OF THE FAST-CHANGING SCENE IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, THE GARDEN VESTIBULE TO THE ABBEY AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: Parliament Square covers the site of a once-crowded district with narrow streets, miserable houses and a host of unhygienic alleys. These were all swept away before 1810, and the cleared space was known for a long time as the "Desert of Westminster." On the formation of Bridge Street, the Desert of Westminster bloomed with well-ordered ornamental gardens and a remarkable array of statuary of England's great and near-great politicians

1. ANTI-FASCISTS, YES; REDS, PERHAPS! Eight of Hollywood's ten movie writers—three with their wives—after the Supreme Court ruling

5. THE C.I.G.S. IN CAIRO: Field Marshal Sir William Slim with Mr. Chapman Andrews

6. GENERAL MARSHALL AT ARLINGTON: The former Secretary of State calls for "a sound peace"

PEOPLE:

SOME PERSONALITIES IN THE WORLD NEWS

1. CONVICTED OF CONTEMPT OF CONGRESS: Hollywood's "unfriendly ten," as the ten movie writers who are suspected of Communist sympathies have been dubbed, were in serious trouble a fortnight ago when the news came that John Lawson and Edward Trumbo, two of their number, had been denied a review of their appeals to the Supreme Court. This was the second rejection and apparently paved the way for all ten to go to jail. They have been convicted of contempt of Congress following their refusal to tell the House Committee on Un-American Activities whether they are or are not Communists. The eight men seen in this picture are (standing left to right): Alvah Bessie, Ring Lardner, Jnr., Samuel Ornitz, Albert Maltz, Lester Cole and Adrian Scott. Edward Dmytryk is seated at right and Herbert Biberman is seated at left. The three women are Mrs. Ornitz, Mrs. Maltz and Mrs. Cole.

2. THE RETURN TO DOWNING STREET: The Attlees after their Continental holiday touring in the Loire Valley

2. THE PREMIER'S VISIT TO WESTERN FRANCE: Mr. and Mrs. Attlee toured the Loire Valley by car during the Whitsuntide Parliamentary recess, visiting many of the great châteaux of Anjou and Touraine, including Blois, Chambord and Cheverny. On one day of the tour they were the luncheon guests at Saint-Aignan of the former French Prime Minister, M. Paul Boncour.

3. SWAMP RESEARCHERS: Dr. Cagle, of Tulane University, and Colville Jackson with two green watersnakes

3. ZOOLOGY WITH A BITE IN IT: Dr. Fred R. Cagle is Professor of Zoology at Tulane University, Louisiana, and takes frequent trips with his students to the swamps of the Sarpy Wild Life Research Refuge, a 1,900-acre tract near New Orleans. Many of the snakes which the doctor and his students handle are poisonous, but Dr. Cagle has his students well-drilled in the art of avoiding trouble.

4. YARDLEY GLANCES BACK, AND FORWARD: England's cricket captain, who will lead our touring team in Australia if he succeeds against the West Indies this summer, tells of his past experiences in his new book, *Cricket Campaigns*. His strong sense of humour comes to the rescue when he writes of the grim Test match encounters of the last Australian tour in which he was Wally Hammond's deputy. Apart from being a forceful bat, Yardley's bowling sometimes touches the heights.

5. SLIM'S IMPERIAL TOUR: Field Marshal Sir William Slim had interviews with the Prime Minister, Mustapha Nahas Pasha; the Foreign Minister, Mohamed Saleh el Din Bey, and the Minister of War and Marine, Mustapha Nosrat Bey, following his arrival in Egypt on the first leg of a tour which will take him to Malaya, Australia and New Zealand for the purpose of discussing defence problems.

6. MEMORIAL DAY IN THE UNITED STATES: General George C. Marshall, former United States Secretary of State and Army leader in the Second World War, spoke in the amphitheatre at Arlington National Cemetery, and urged that the United States match the material aid it has given the post-war world "with the inspiration of great principles." He pleaded for a solution of the world's problems through peace as a "dynamic force and not a negative condition that is merely the absence of armed hostilities." Foreseeing only "empty triumph with victory" in another war, General Marshall said that America should neither become militarily impotent nor rely completely on military and material power.

4. NORMAN YARDLEY, SKIPPER, BATSMAN, AUTHOR: His new book, "Cricket Campaigns," has just been published

7. ELIZABETH TAYLOR ON HER EUROPEAN HONEYMOON: The eighteen-year-old star and her twenty-three-year-old husband, Conrad (Nick) Hilton, Jnr., son of Hotelman Conrad Hilton, were married in the United States in May, their wedding being one of the most publicised of the year. Elizabeth Taylor is London-born and was evacuated to the United States during the war years, making her film debut in 1943 in *Lassie Come Home*, followed by *Jane Eyre*, *The White Cliffs of Dover*, *National Velvet* and *Life With Father*.

8. FROM SUNNY ENGLAND TO SUNNY SPAIN IN LESS THAN SIX HOURS: Mrs. Winston Churchill and her daughter, Mrs. Soames, left England in the midst of the heat-wave for a ten-day holiday in Spain. They took the B.E.A. service which leaves Northolt at breakfast-time and lands the traveller in Madrid for a late lunch. They were expecting to spend about ten days in the Spanish capital.

9. THE CHANCELLOR'S FRENCH HOLIDAY: Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps went to Briançon during the Whitsuntide recess when they were the guests of M. Petsche, the French Finance Minister, who owns an estate in south-eastern France.

7. HONEYMOONING: Actress Elizabeth Taylor and Conrad Hilton at Chantilly races during their holiday in France

8. SPANISH HOLIDAY-MAKERS: Mrs. Winston Churchill and her daughter, Mrs. Christopher Soames, at Barajas Airport

9. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN FRANCE: Sir Stafford with Lady Cripps and the Mayor of Briançon

WITH THE CLYDE FLEET

THE REGATTA OF THE CLYDE CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB AT HUNTER'S QUAY

RACING ALONG IN A FAIR BREEZE: The Scottish Island Class competitors in their race at the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club's meeting. No. 3 is Mr. R. K. Sharp's *Bernera*. No. 7 is Mr. A. R. K. Thomson's *Fidra*. The winner, *Canna* (No. 10), is seen in the distance already beginning to establish a commanding lead. In a race of over 3 hours 30 mins. there was only about three minutes between the leading three craft. Canna, however, is proving consistently superior this season

IN THE SCOTTISH ISLAND CLASS RACE: Mr. Herbert Thom's *Canna* (No. 10) in the lead from Mr. A. K. Bergous's *Jura* (No. 6) and Mr. James Buchanan's *Sanda* (No. 5). This race at the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club's meeting at Hunter's Quay, Dunoon, was notable for the fourth successive win registered by Mr. Thom's craft

MR. A. W. STEVEN AT THE HELM OF "JENETTA": At eighty-two years of age Mr. Steven is the doyen of Clyde yachting men. He has been racing with consistent success since 1886

MR. J. HERBERT THOM AT THE TILLER OF HIS ISLAND CLASS YACHT "CANNA": Mr. Thom has been racing since he was a boy, both in Britain and the United States, and counts among his trophies the Seewanaka Cup

THE VICE-COMMODORE AND REAR-COMMODORE OF THE REGATTA: Commander W. W. Watson, D.S.O. (left), with Mr. Robert Thom, whose yacht *Hyskier II* was flagship of the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta

MRS. SIMPSON AT THE TILLER OF HER DRAGON CLASS YACHT "EMAGEE": Her daughter, Mrs. Hinge, won the race for International Dragons in *Argee II* and her other daughter, Mrs. Mackay, came in third in *Lora*. Mrs. Simpson was fifth

MRS. SHEILAH HINGE AND MRS. M. MACKAY TOOK PART IN A SURPRISE FINISH IN THE DRAGON CLASS: Mrs. Hinge (*left*), who is seen at the tiller of *Argee II*, looked to be well beaten by the Norwegian boat *Huldra*, but the latter failed to round the mark-boat to finish, and Mrs. Hinge duly seized her chance. Mrs. Mackay was third

The Clyde yachting fleet continues to grow in importance and interest, partly because it is only in these waters that the International 8-metre boats race regularly. At the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club's Regatta at Hunter's Quay, near Dunoon, there was some really good racing, despite a rival contest on the Gareloch between the Royal Northern Yacht Club and the Royal Forth Yacht Club. When racing began at Hunter's Quay there was a south-west breeze, but it failed later in the day and this meant for some of the boats a slow drift to the finishing-line. Although there were only two contestants in the 6-metre event, it could not have been more thrilling if there had been a dozen. They were together all the way, and as they turned to cross the line there was scarcely a length between them. The International Dragon Class event was another thriller, with *Argee II* capturing the prize when *Huldra's* skipper failing to round the mark boat, made an error on the line

NAKA GIRLS ON PARADE

A Colourful Revival of an Ancient Ceremony in the Courtesan Quarter of Tokyo

For the first time in thirty-five years, Tokyo's famous—or, rather, infamous—Yoshiwara, or Naka, "red-light" district has revived one of its most colourful events, the "oiran-doo-chu," or "procession of the courtesan queens." This unique procession, which is traditionally Japanese and was first popularised in the early Yedo period, depicts the journeyings of the "taiyu" (or queens of the Yoshiwara), accompanied by their retinue of from twelve to fourteen attendants per "taiyu," to and from a luxurious tea-house to which they were summoned by powerful lords with their cortege.

Starting out at the "joro-ya," or establishment where they were kept in comfortable seclusion to await only the summons of those who could afford to pay the stupendous fees that were charged for their charms, the gala procession was often made up of as many as eighty people, for about half-a-dozen "taiyu" usually answered calls simultaneously.

Moving along at a snail's-pace, the "kanabo-mochi" (male attendants carrying staffs equipped with small bells) led the parade, warning the people to "Make way, make way." Next followed the "teko-mai," or geisha, chanting songs. Then came the "taiyu," dressed in their finest garments, and walking on black clogs about 1 ft. high.

The first blow to Yoshiwara, came in the third year of Taisho (1914), the year of the coronation of Emperor Taisho (the present Emperor Hirohito's deceased father), for the "oiran-doo-chu" was suddenly banned by a Governmental decree on the ground that such an open exhibition of Yoshiwara's licencees was obstructing the work of protecting public morals. And yet, despite this measure, the Yoshiwara district itself was permitted to continue its operations, for its total abolition implied the loss of a fat revenue in taxes.

With the coming of General Douglas MacArthur, Yoshiwara was dealt the next blow—the death blow. In fact, the total abolition of Yoshiwara, and all other kindred districts throughout the Japanese isles, was one of S.C.A.P.'s first directives.

As for the holding of the "oiran-doo-chu" this year for the first time in three-and-a-half decades, permission was granted only in the sense that it constituted merely a revival of a colourful Japanese festivity.

Meanwhile, by those remnant establishment-owners of Yoshiwara who now operate their houses as "tea-rooms" and "cafes." (*sic*), and can hold no women in bondage like in the old days, this year's official recognition of what they term "one of Japan's most exotic and colourful events" has been welcomed with enthusiasm.

PRELUDE TO THE BIG PARADE: A Kamuro, a young girl who participates in the colourful procession of courtesans and acts as a wine-pourer at the subsequent festivities, being made up for her part in the festivities in the Yoshiwara, or Naka, quarter of Tokyo, revived for the first time in thirty-five years

SHE SINGS SONGS TO BANISH EVIL SPIRITS ON THE WAY: One of the girls of the Yoshiwara, or Naka, district of Tokyo who take part in the great parade. Her make-up is not complete, and before she is ready for the procession she will don an elaborate wig

WALKING IN THE SHADE OF A HUGE UMBRELLA: A Naka Queen in the great parade. With every step she traces a figure of eight with her clogs upon the ground. Her kimono weighs 50 lb., and she wears an elaborate coiffure

THE NAKA QUEENS PREPARE FOR THEIR MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF YOSHIWARA, THE COURTESAN QUARTER OF TOKYO AND A CELEBRATED RELIC OF FEUDAL TIMES: Two geishas, completely made up but still minus their wigs, wait patiently while attendants complete finishing-touches. Placed before them on the matted floor are their black-lacquered shoes, each pair 1 ft. high. Their garments were borrowed from the Shochiku Motion Picture Company, without which the procession would not have been possible. The revival of the once-popular annual procession was allowed by General MacArthur, but essentially as a picturesque survival, for the courtesan quarter has now been abolished

THREE NAKA QUEENS IN ALL THEIR FINERY: Now, smiling happily in the midst of their attendants, they are ready for the march through Yoshiwara, once regarded as the most grossly wicked spot in Japan, now shorn of nearly all its old influences

NANAKO, ONE OF THE YOSHIWARA QUEENS, MAKES HER TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS THROUGH THE STREETS: Not for thirty-five years has Tokyo's "red-light" district been the scene of such a march, but it lacks the significance of earlier days now that General Douglas MacArthur has imposed his ban on the houses of ill fame and has more or less cleaned up post-war Tokyo. The old days of women living in servitude are now said to be over, and the march of the Yoshiwara Queens, or Naka Girls, is regarded merely as a colourful survival of feudal days in Japan

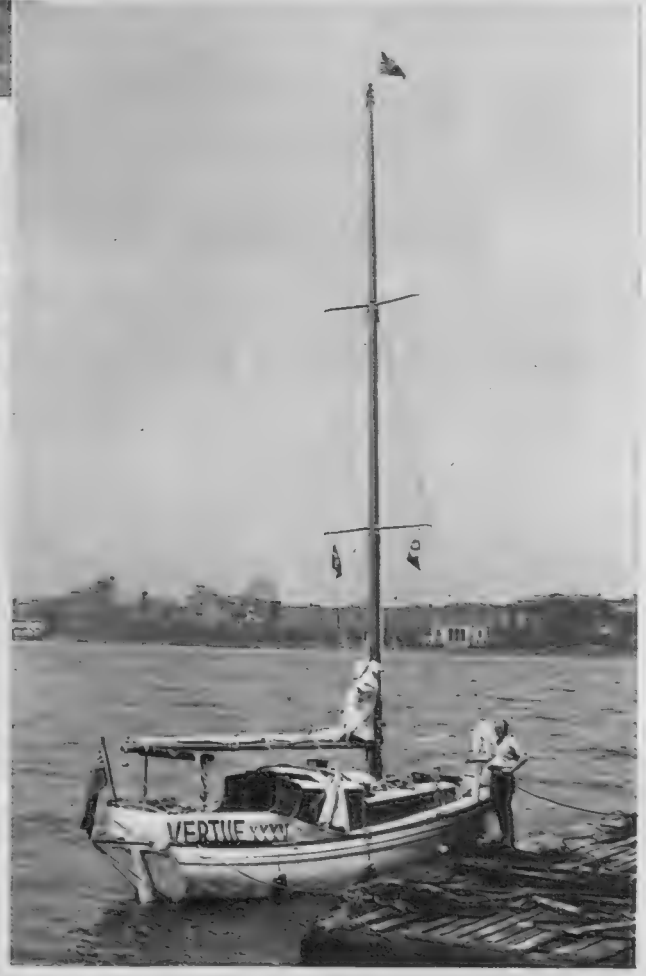
TWO BRITONS SAIL THE WESTERN OCEAN IN A 25-Ft. SLOOP

The Voyage of Bermuda-Rigged *Vertue XXXV*

"VERTUE XXXV" BOWLING ALONG IN A STIFF BREEZE AS SHE NEARED THE AMERICAN COAST: This picture was taken from the coastguard cutter *Castle Rock* a few hours before the 25-ft. sloop, with two middle-aged Britons aboard, made fast in the United States Naval Yard at Brooklyn after crossing the Atlantic under her own sail in 56 days, starting from Lymington, Hants, on April 7 and reaching New York on June 1. As the vessel took refuge from storms at Weymouth for several days, the elapsed time for the crossing was only 47 days

SAFE AND SOUND IN BROOKLYN NAVAL YARD: Mr. H. D. E. Barton, of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club, of which he is a Rear-Commodore (left), and his sixty-four-year-old companion, Mr. K. M. O'Riordan, a former Indian police officer, who volunteered to make the Atlantic trip at the last moment

TACKING UP THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK: The *Vertue XXXV*, with only her mainsail set, seen after leaving Brooklyn Naval Yard where the voyagers made a short halt before continuing to a berth farther upstream. For the voyage they carried in *Vertue XXXV* 360 lb. of food and 52 gallons of water. These were unaffected when heavy seas broke over the vessel early on in the voyage



"VERTUE XXXV" MOORED IN THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK: Mr. K. M. O'Riordan, Mr. Barton's companion on the long voyage, seen beside the sloop. Mr. O'Riordan's knowledge of astronomy proved invaluable in the closing stages of the voyage

At the end of May, *Karin III*, a 42-ft. gaff-headed cutter with a five-man crew, sailed into the East River, New York, after covering a distance of 4,200 miles from Poole, Dorset, in 72 days and riding out a great gale in the Bay of Biscay and storms in the South Atlantic. *Karin III*, which fared well despite the storms and losing two jibs, made the Atlantic crossing in order to take part in the Newport-Bermuda yacht race starting on June 18. Only a few days after *Karin* made landfall, another yacht, the *Vertue XXXV*, also arrived in the East River, and she, too, had completed the Atlantic voyage, only in much faster time and by a much more northerly route. *Vertue XXXV* left Lymington on April 7, manned by Mr. H. D. E. Barton, of the Royal Lymington Yacht Club, and his sixty-four-year-old companion, Mr. K. M. O'Riordan. Mr. Barton was anxious to prove by his voyage that a well-designed modern yacht is capable of working windward over long distances and withstanding any weather. This he triumphantly succeeded in doing, reaching New York in an elapsed time of only 47 days after leaving Weymouth, his last port of call on the English coast.

Mr. Barton is the director of a firm of naval architects and yacht designers, and he is hopeful that the design of *Vertue XXXV* will appeal to American ocean yachtsmen, as also will the price, considerably lowered thanks to devaluation. This was Mr. Barton's first Atlantic crossing, but he has had much experience, notably with the Royal Ocean Racing Club, the Royal Cruising Club and the Royal Lymington Yacht Club.

The Atlantic voyage was not without its dramatic and uncomfortable moments. On one occasion Mr. Barton was flung to the deck by a huge wave and sustained a broken rib. He patched it up as best he could and carried on. The seas also smashed some glass in the superstructure of the 25-ft. craft, and so much water was shipped that their small wireless set and navigating watch were put out of action. Mr. O'Riordan stepped into the breach, and with his knowledge of astronomy, was able to guide the ship into port. Mr. Barton, in paying a tribute to Mr. O'Riordan, told the New York Pressmen: "He 's a tough old buzzard, you know."

JUBILEE OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION

SOME GEMS OF ART FROM ONE OF THE FINEST GIFT COLLECTIONS EVER MADE TO THE BRITISH NATION

A COMPLETE WAR HARNESS FOR MAN AND HORSE MADE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY FOR THE FAMILY OF VON FREYBERG, UPPER BAVARIA: The set was one of the acquisitions made by Sir Richard Wallace and bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace with other works of Sir Richard's. The Wallace Collection in Manchester Square was first opened as a national museum by Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, in June, 1900, and the jubilee of that event is now being celebrated

THE ART OF J. A. HOUDON: This marble bust of Madame de Serilly is one of the fine sculptural possessions of the Wallace Collection in Manchester Square. Madame de Serilly was a Maid of Honour to Queen Marie Antoinette and a devoted friend of King Louis XVI's sister. She was imprisoned during the Revolution

THE GLORY OF SÈVRES WARE: This potpourri vase and cover are in apple green enriched with gold and elegantly painted with flowers and cupids

A PAGEANT SHIELD OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: This circular shield decorated with scenes from the life of the Emperor Charles V was made in Italy sometime after the year 1556

In the nineteenth century it fell to the lot of Sir Richard Wallace to own the finest collection of pictures and *objets d'art* in private hands in the world. He was the Andrew Mellon, the John Pierpont Morgan of his age, the only difference being, perhaps, that Wallace exercised his own judgment and taste, which he had acquired in a measure from the fourth Marquess of Hertford and in a measure by his own incursions into the market.

The Wallace Collection was formed by Richard, fourth Marquess of Hertford (1800–70) and his son or half-brother, Sir Richard Wallace (1818–90). Sir Richard was at one time reputed to be the natural son of the the fourth Marquess, but the *Dictionary of National Biography* has asserted that he was in all probability the fourth Marquess's half-brother and the natural son of that nobleman's mother, Maria, *née* Fagnani, Marchioness of Hertford. Sir Richard was educated entirely under the supervision of his mother, and most of his young days and early manhood were passed in Paris, where, as Monsieur Richard, he became a well-known figure in French society and among those who devoted themselves to matters of art. Before he was forty, Sir Richard had made a large collection of *objets d'art*, mostly bronzes, ivories and miniatures, and these were dispersed in Paris in 1857 at prices much above those he had paid. After the sale of his own collection, he devoted most of his knowledge to the assistance of the fourth Marquess, and following the latter's death, unmarried, in 1870, he found himself heir to the great collection of French paintings, sculpture and furniture which the Marquess had acquired during the years he lived in Paris, an elegant recluse and consistent patron of the arts. The collection was housed by the fourth Marquess at 2, rue Lafitte, Paris, and in his villa of Bagatelle. But after the Commune of 1871, Sir Richard Wallace, who had greatly augmented his artistic possessions, decided to reopen the town house in London, and brought the greater part of the collection to Manchester Square. It was exhibited at the Bethnal Green Museum (1872–75) while Hertford House, then called Manchester House, was being made ready. The collection was bequeathed to the nation by Lady Wallace, and was first opened as a national museum by Edward VII in June, 1900.

Hertford House, now the Wallace Gallery, was built in 1776, and was then known as Manchester House. For many years it was the residence of the French Ambassadors, among them Talleyrand and Guizot, and later it became the town house of the fourth Marquess of Hertford. Many students of Thackeray consider Manchester Square to be the Gaunt Square of *Vanity Fair*, and Hertford House to be Gaunt House. Francis, third Marquess of Hertford, who owned the house before the fourth Marquess and Sir Richard Wallace, was the intimate personal friend of George IV, and is widely conceded to have been the original of the Marquess of Steyne.

UCHER'S "THE VISIT OF VENUS TO VULCAN": This picture in the Wallace Collection is dated 1754. It was painted for Madame Pompadour's boudoir

METIMES CALLED "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG": Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Jean Bowles, another gem of the Wallace Collection. It was painted in 1775

'THE LADY WITH A FAN," BY VELASQUEZ: This portrait was formerly in the possession of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. The lady in question was probably a member of the artist's family

THE ART OF THE CABINET-MAKER IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: This secretaire was made for Marie Antoinette at Versailles by the craftsman, J. H. Riesener. The lower panels are elaborately inlaid with floral patterns and the emblem of the cock, encircled by laurel wreaths, forms the upper panel

"LES CHARMES DE LA VIE"; BY JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU: This view looks out across eighteenth-century Paris over the old Champs-Elysées with the Chaussée d'Antin in the distance. The painting belongs to Watteau's early and most fruitful artistic period, when he enjoyed the patronage of M. de Julienne, a noted collector and patron of artists. It was at this time that Watteau achieved distinction with his suite of conversation-pieces and his "Fêtes Galantes"

A RAIL ACCIDENT ATTRIBUTED TO THE HEAT-WAVE: The wrecked Newcastle-to-York express after the engine and three coaches had been derailed at Ware Hill Bridge, ten miles north of York. None of the passengers was seriously injured, but eight of them, together with the driver and fireman, were taken to hospital, the driver being detained with a suspected fracture of the ribs. At the point where the mishap occurred the express normally travels at about 60 m.p.h. At the time of writing, no official explanation of the accident has been forthcoming, but it is widely thought that the rails were buckled by the intense heat of the sun. When the derailment took place fifty yards of track were ploughed up by the engine and three coaches, which came to rest straddling the up and down express and slow lines

THE "CORONATION" LEAVING EUSTON AT THE START OF ITS NORTHWARD RUN: The locomotive hauling *The Royal Scot*, famous express linking London and Glasgow, is now adorned with a head-board which embodies a Scottish lion on a yellow shield above the name. In addition, the roof-boards on the coaches have been painted in the Stuart Royal tartan, with the lettering *The Royal Scot* superimposed. In the restaurant cars the menu-cards are to be distinguished by a special *Royal Scot* emblem, and the staff will wear a like device in the lapels of their jackets. A special sign, also incorporating a Scottish lion, has been erected over the platform entrance at Euston, and a similar sign is being provided at Glasgow. *The Royal Scot* started as a 10 a.m. express from Euston to Glasgow on February 15, 1848, when it was the first to make the through journey over the newly-completed West Coast route

JUNE DAYS in TOWN and COUNTRY

A RECORD OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

WHILE LONDON'S TEMPERATURE SOARED THERE WAS NO SPECIAL HEAT-WAVE WEAR FOR JUDGES: Mr. Justice Charles Arthur Collingwood (left) and Mr. Justice William Gorman, two newly-appointed Judges of the High Court, in their wigs and robes as they arrived at the House of Lords for the swearing-in ceremony in the midst of the June heat-wave. Mr. Justice Collingwood, who acted as Judge-Advocate at the Hamburg trial of Field Marshal Manstein, goes to the ever-busy Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division. He is sixty-one years of age. Mr. Justice Gorman is assigned to the King's Bench Division, where he took the oath of office and allegiance in the presence of the Lord Chief Justice

REPAIRING ONE OF THE FOUR DOMES OF THE LONDON CENTRAL MEAT MARKET: One of the domes was completely destroyed when a rocket bomb fell in the vicinity in 1945, and rebuilding of this will begin shortly. The remaining three are being covered with copper plating for the first time since they were erected in 1868. The Central Meat Market, covering 3½ acres, occupies a site which in ancient times was the scene of jousts, tournaments and fairs. It was once a place of execution where so-called heretics were burned. Wallace was executed there in 1305, and in 1381 it was the scene of the slaying of Wat Tyler. The martyr's stake stood opposite the gate of St. Bartholomew's Priory

THE WHITE DEER OF BROCKHAMPTON MAY BECOME DOLLAR EARNERS—THE CELEBRATED HERD WHICH IS BEING OFFERED FOR SALE IN THE UNITED STATES BY ITS OWNER, MAJOR C. E. CANNON, OF BROCKHAMPTON PARK, NEAR CHELTENHAM: Major Cannon, who is proprietor of the Cotswold Country Club, blames high taxes for being unable to maintain the herd any longer, and if his plans for an American sale fall through he has suggested that a giant venison barbecue is the best alternative. The white deer, which are rather smaller than the usual breed, have been at Brockhampton Park for over a century. This is said to be the only herd of white deer in existence anywhere in the world

THE HAMPSTEAD PAVEMENT ART SHOW: Visitors examining the exhibits in Heath Street, near the Whitestone Pond. Alfresco art shows are becoming quite a regular feature of London life, and most successful perhaps have been the displays in Victoria Embankment Gardens

WHICH DO YOU WANT—LAWSUITS OR MUSIC? This was one of the challenging placards carried outside the Winter Gardens at Bournemouth where Corporation musicians, employed at the Pavilion Theatre, engaged in picketing after they had withdrawn their services in connection with the musical play *Bless the Bride*. Through the Musicians' Union, they have been engaged in a dispute with the Corporation over pay rates. After a meeting of Bournemouth Council a statement was issued to the effect that there was no trade dispute between the Corporation and the Union, and the Council declared that the strike was illegal

LORD CRANBORNE DECLARES OPEN THE JOHN INNES HORTICULTURAL INSTITUTION AT BAYFORDBURY, HERTS: Formerly at Merton, in South-West London, the Institution has now moved to its new headquarters at the late Admiral Sir Lewis Clinton-Baker's former estate at Bayfordbury. The John Innes Horticultural Institution was founded by private bequest in 1910. It is devoted to the advancement of horticulture by research and by teaching

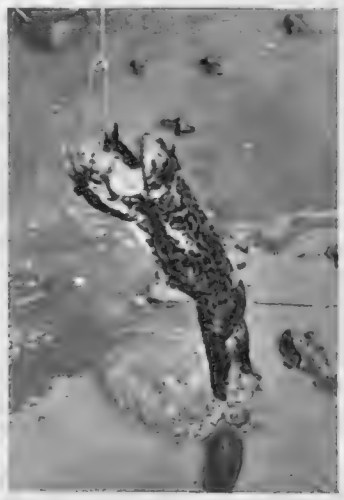
SCARBOROUGH CORPORATION HAS BOUGHT THE "HISPANIOLA": The ship, which Walt Disney used in the production of his new film, *Treasure Island*, seen on arrival at Scarborough with the skull-and-crossbones flying from her rigging. The scenes in *Treasure Island* were shot off the Cornwall and Devon coasts, and the *Hispaniola* has been taken to the north-east coast from Appledore, Devon, a powerful tug being used for the towing operation. *Hispaniola* is to be made into an aquarium and nautical museum. She will be opened to the public on July 1. The vessel's important part in the *Treasure Island* film is described on page 439 of this issue

RAISING FROGS COMMERCIALLY: On his 5-acre ranch in Ventura, California, Harold Lee raises over 1,000,000 frogs in eleven cement pools like this. The frogs range from tadpoles to 2½-lb. monsters. Since frogs' legs are retailing at about 1.80 dollar per lb., frog-raising has become big business in America. Until Lee started his enterprise there had been only two sources of frogs' legs: wild frogs and those shipped in cold storage from Japan. Lee is one of the few men who have successfully raised frogs commercially. His secret is in the feed given the tadpoles. It took him twenty years to strike the formula, but to-day it is yielding a rich harvest

CALIFORNIAN FROG FARM

AND A FAMOUS WASHINGTON AQUARIUM

A SOUTH AFRICAN FINGERED FROG STANDS ON HIS FEET: This remarkable specimen is in the Fish and Wildlife Aquarium in Washington, D.C., and it is seen standing astride the back of another frog. These South African specimens have clawed toes, no teeth, no tongue, and they convey food to their mouths with their front feet. The frogs eat only when in water, and do so with a certain delicacy in marked contrast to the boorish lunge of most frogs when eating. The African frogs have been imported into the United States for laboratory tests with a view to determining factors in pregnancy



SOME GIANTS OF THE VENTURA FROG FARM: *Left*—A mammoth frog jumping from the water to seize a piece of horse-meat. *Right*—A 2½-lb. frog wading ashore from one of the tanks. *Below*—Some of the new pools under construction on the Californian farm, where there are eleven large pools in operation already

HEROES and VILLAINS of "TREASURE ISLAND"

Robert Louis Stevenson's Classic Story Again Provides the Theme for a Film

When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote *Treasure Island*, for the most part during his sojourn at Pitlochry and Braemar in 1881-82, he received £100 from Cassell's for the copyright of the book. Now Walt Disney's film version has cost exactly 4,000 times that copyright fee, and Denham, following the best Hollywood style, has indeed spared no expense on the great adventure story, which will be presented in London next week. It was soon after the first version of *Treasure Island* was made in 1934, with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in the principal roles of Long John Silver and Jim Hawkins, that Walt Disney acquired the screen rights with a view to combining Disney cartoon technique with straight film technique. As it is, however, *Treasure Island* has now emerged sixteen years later as Disney's first all-live action picture, and he has chosen to have it made in England and with a largely English cast, such well-known character actors as Robert Newton (Long John Silver) and Basil Sydney (Captain Smollett) supporting Bobby Driscoll, who plays the part of the young hero. Newton will be remembered for his fine acting in *Jamaica Inn* and *Hatter's Castle*, among other films.

Treasure Island was made at the Denham Studios and off the Devon and Cornwall coasts. To provide the Pacific setting, 400 palm fronds were brought by air from the south of France, while studio palms which can withstand wind and rain were manufactured in the studio from plastic. The largest of the props was the three-masted *Hispaniola*. At no time during the film were scale models used, the *Hispaniola* braving rough weather off the Cornish and Devon coast on more than one occasion. There was no question of any miniature vessel bobbing around in a studio tank. Concealed motor power instead of wind power drove the *Hispaniola*, and the special sails which curved gracefully in the breeze provided the necessary effect for the cameras, although the wind blew through them.

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE IN THE CITY OF BRISTOL: Squire Trelawney (played by Walter Fitzgerald; left) conducts young Jim Hawkins (Bobby Driscoll) and Dr. Livesey (Denis O'Dea) through the narrow, busy streets down to the harbour to see the *Hispaniola*, which he has rigged up for the journey in search of treasure-trove. This is one of the opening scenes in the Walt Disney Technicolor film version of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, which is to have its premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre on June 22. The film has been made in England

DANGER LOOMS AHEAD: Jim Hawkins (Bobby Driscoll) warns Captain Smollett, Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey that he has heard Long John Silver plotting murder and mutiny. Basil Sydney (left) plays the part of Captain Smollett

STRUGGLE ABOARD THE "HISPANIOLA": Israel Hands (Geoffrey Keen) attempts to wrest the treasure map from Jim (Bobby Driscoll)

"AFTER HIM, YOU SWABS!" ROARS LONG JOHN SILVER: The one-legged cook (played by Robert Newton) and his shipmates give chase as Jim, whom they were keeping as a hostage, makes his escape from their clutches

HERO OF THE PIECE: From a hiding-place amid the rushes Jim Hawkins watches Silver and his fellow-pirates searching for treasure

THE GOOD SHIP "HISPANIOLA": The three-masted vessel which provides the setting for most of the early scenes in the adventure film

THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE: Long John Silver (Robert Newton) arrives at the stockade bearing a flag of truce as he seeks to make terms with Squire Trelawney's party

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A WEEK OF WORTHY NOVELS

The Faultless Taste and Barbed Wit of "Pirates at Play"; The Tension of "A Town Like Alice"; The Drama of "Abe Lincoln of Pigeon Creek"

IT is a very simple thing to announce, but how rarely does one have the opportunity, that there are a number, not merely one or two, but a considerable number of really good books from which to choose this week. And that should lift everyone's spirits, your reviewer's not least.

First of all, there is Mrs. Violet Trefusis' novel, PIRATES AT PLAY (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), written in the lightest of manners, the most faultless of taste and the most barbed of wit. This is not an epoch-making tome, and it is doubtful whether one will remember it for the rest of one's life, but in its chosen frame it is completely successful and, in my view, a happy antidote to the rows of neo-Gothic "thumb-achers," as a terse acquaintance once called those weighty sagas of the Dreiser school. The story concerns two amazingly beautiful girls, one fair and English, one dark and Italian, and the masterly way in which they arrange their respective lives against the protests of their adoring but disapproving parents and friends. It is great good fun, and it is easy to believe that Mrs. Trefusis writes novels of equal style in French, for her worldly wisdom is in itself an *entente cordiale*.

Next, a novel from one of the best of living story-tellers, Mr. Nevil Shute. He writes of England, a little, of Malaya during the war and after it, at greater length, and of the Australian outback, most of all. He tells the story of a young woman, Scotch and English by descent, and a young Australian man, and he tells it in such a way that the reader is not just interested in the characters and in the classic anticipation of "what-happens-next?" but is absorbed into the fabric of the story, as if to know its development were really necessary rather than a mild pleasure. To be able to produce, and with every page to sustain that extraordinary tension, is this writer's individual gift. It has given him his high position among novelists, and it has given us some mesmerically readable novels, of which A TOWN LIKE ALICE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is the best so far.

ABE LINCOLN OF PIGEON CREEK (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is a novel of the great man's Indiana childhood, from the time when his mother dies in the primitive, windowless cabin among the trees, to the day when, still a boy, but remarkably tall and strong, he wins a position for himself in the little community, and for the first time wears the clothes that have become as familiar to us as his face and recorded words; the dark frock-coat, the clumsily tied black cravat, and the tall, stove-pipe hat. Mr. William E. Wilson was born and grew up in the Lincoln country, steeped in the Lincoln legend, and it is clear that this is more than a scholarly reconstruction of Lincoln's early days, it is a work of love and understanding, whether he is describing Abe the fighter, who could give as good as he got, and a little more; or Abe the lover, emotional and passionate, but awkward and shy, too; or Abe the young scholar, reciting Milton in the moonlight; or, finally, Abe the future liberator, having his first intimations of his future when he sees the treatment of slaves at New Orleans. Countless books have been, and will be, written about this wonderful being whose career affected the whole civilised world, and who could still clown with his friends, but this one is at least sure of a worthy place on one's private shelf of *Lincolniana*.

Caryl Brahms finished the last novel of their collaboration after the death of S. J. Simon, and writes, in a touching dedication: "I have finished the book. But, of course, it will be obvious to all who read it that their host was from home." Respectfully, I disagree, for YOU WERE THERE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), which is announced as "less a novel than an out-of-date newsreel," has all that familiar wit, that crisp inter-cutting of sentiment, humour, opinion and plot that gave this very talented pair their reputation. From the year of Queen Victoria's funeral to the year of the Wall Street crash (1929, in case you 've forgotten), the authors take the fortunes of the Marrible family, most of whom are illegitimate, and all of whom have in common the Old Boy, their father, an Edwardian figure whose exploits were not all martial. It is a gay, inconsequential little story, and as ever, the wit is concentrated in the author's use of their fabulous research, which is as likely to remind you that it was in 1923 that the Duke of York—the shy one—married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, as to give you the date when pogo-sticks came into fashion (1922). As always, it is less a novel than a brilliant and evocative hotch-potch, and, as ever, it makes vastly entertaining reading.

PREVIEW OF A COSTLY PUBLICATION FOR THE CONNOISSEUR: These magnificently carved ivory figures, varying in height from 9 ins. to 14 ins., representing Chinese immortals and guardian deities, appear in the elaborate prospectus issued by Country Life Ltd. for the three-volume catalogue of Sassoon Chinese Ivories which has been compiled by Sydney Edward Lucas and is about to be published at 100 guineas per set of three volumes. The volumes are printed on hand-made paper and are presented in half-bound classic vellum, cloth-sided. The edition is limited to 250 copies which will be signed

THE GRADUAL DAY (Constable. 9s. 6d.) is a slight story, built to a totally different plan, in which one incident in a woman's life illustrates the failure and yet the complacence of her marriage, her husband's resolutely chill unhappiness, and the impact upon both of them of a very young man's love for the wife. Mr. Robert Nicolson writes with grave restraint on a theme that might be ludicrous or at least banal, and achieves a novel of real quality with his first excursion in this field.

The boisterous spirits and cantankerousness of Mr. Stephen Lister's MARISE (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.) are in complete contrast, but they have a value of their own, and for many readers express both this writer's own lively and disjointed style, and his half-grudging affection for the corner of the South of France to which he returns both in fact and in fiction. Mr. Lister is a strongly personal writer. It is difficult, even in a novel, to imagine his writing otherwise than in the first person, and he is opinionated as well as candid. In fact, that is one of his candid opinions. But he writes with a lot of zest, and I welcome that, as well as his descriptions of Provençal cooking and the technique of bribery.

THE LOTTERY (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories, some of them no longer than little sketches, by a talented American writer, Miss Shirley Jackson. I read the story which gives the book its title some months ago, and I agree completely with the critic who said of it that he wouldn't read it again for anything. It was far too frightening, and is haunting now, after all this time. That is one sort of proof that Miss Jackson is a writer in the true sense of the word, and one or two of the other stories in this volume, notably a very brief piece, "Colloquy," and a longer one, "Come Dance with Me in Ireland," give one that feeling of authentic discovery which is one of the joys of reading.

Among the general books, most of us will find Mr. Frank Swinnerton's of the most immediate interest. THE GEORGIAN LITERARY SCENE 1910-1935 (Hutchinson. 15s.) is, however, not new, but a reprint of the book that was first published some fifteen years ago. Among its lively sketches and impressions of English-writing authors who include the Scots, with Barrie, and the Irish, with Shaw and Joyce, are chapters on Travellers, such as Cunninghame Graham, Hudson and Conrad; Bloomsbury, with Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Clive Bell and their friends, and Inter-War Pessimism, with Huxley, Aldington and Noel Coward.

Best of this week's biographies is TRELAWNY (Constable. 21s.), which is as impartial as any vigorous life-story has a duty to be and very good reading. It would be difficult indeed to make Trelawny's life anything but exciting in the telling, and R. Glynn Grylls has, on the contrary, emphasised those aspects of it that were, during most of his eighty-nine years, full of colour, movement and even violence. They called him "Greek" Trelawny after he followed his friend Byron there, and Byron himself wrote of him—"As bold a rover as the sands have seen." He met Shelley and was at once enslaved by his genius and character. It was he who through a spy-glass, had the last glimpse of Shelley's, boat disappearing into the sea fog, he who told Mary Shelley the tragic news and supervised the funeral pyre, and it was he, too, who was Mary's faithful though irascible friend for many years. Millais painted him in old age in "North-West Passage," a classic picture of its generation, and still there in the old man's face are the intent, burning eyes and firmly-set mouth, while his hands, far from drooping weakly, are clenched into fists of action. An extraordinary figure, and a worthy biography.

THE ART OF GIDE

The Coiners, an English Edition

André Paul Guillaume Gide was born in Paris in 1869 and by the turn of the century he was becoming established as a writer of unusual power, originality and subtlety, deriving something from the philosophy of Nietzsche, who pleaded so passionately for "strength, will, impulse," a reconsideration of moral standards, and not a little from Dostoievsky, whose deep insight into the psychology of emotion distinguished his great series of works, beginning with *Crime and Punishment*. To-day Gide is himself almost a legend among novelists, and his advocation of a highly-charged, unafraid attitude towards life has brought him many followers. His works are now being published in England in a standard edition issued in part by Cassells and in part by Secker and Warburg. The latest of them is THE COINERS (Cassell and Co. 9s. 6d.), which, as *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*, was acclaimed in France when it first appeared in 1925. Its main preoccupation is with youth; the eager, curiously intricate reactions of young minds; the emotional abandonment peculiar to adolescents, the paralysing introspection; the sense of walking a tight-rope over unknown gulfs. *The Coiners*, with a Parisian setting and a universal force and application, would seem to fail only in its style of narration. Gide plunges us into a world of young people, the Profitendieus and the Moliniers, and from the outset interest is captured, if only by reason of their laxity of standards; but the use of Edouard's diary as a means of building up an understanding of complex human relationships is apt to be wearisome. Some may feel, indeed, that Henry James did it better; for his skill was unending in placing his characters in such relations and under such lights that they flashed out in due succession their continuously varying facets. James, although born a generation earlier than Gide, was in some respects a modern of the moderns, but he was preoccupied with class, and his people were essentially the creatures of a social code. Gide's characters are less limited, and it is because of that freedom that he is the greater master in revealing the power and the tragedy of life. *The Coiners* will doubtless rank with the best of Gide's works and, as in *Strait is the Gate* (standard edition, 1948), Dorothy Bussy's brilliant translation leaves the reader with no sense of loss.

Rex Whistler was perhaps the most talented and original designer of the English theatre this century has produced. He was killed in Normandy in 1944, and in 1948 his brother Laurence Whistler published his biography. DESIGNS FOR THE THEATRE (B. T. Batsford, for the Curtain Press; 8s. 6d.) presents in colour and half-tone some of Rex Whistler's finest work, and Cecil Beaton and James Laver combine with Laurence Whistler in their appreciations.

The Mariners' Library is now a firm favourite with about a dozen volumes already off the stocks, several of them dealing with the high adventure of single-handed ocean-sailing. The latest of them is SAILING ALL SEAS IN THE IDLE HOUR (Rupert Hart-Davis; 9s. 6d.), by Dwight-Long, a young American who, with most things against him and little in his favour except a stout heart, took his frail 32-ft. ketch from Seattle down among the Pacific islands, to Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga, weathering hurricanes, avoiding reefs, paying his bills, pacifying his crews, and making friends wherever he sailed his leisurely and pleasant way. Dwight-Long makes it his business to stick closely to facts, giving the fullest details of the cost of his voyaging. When he bought *Idle Hour* in 1932 in Tacoma, Washington, he paid £500 for her. The three-year voyage, including food, petrol, oil, repairs, charts, harbour dues, clothes and sail replacements, cost £600.

Very much in the manner of Maeterlinck's *The Bee*, that masterpiece of observation, is John Crompton's THE SPIDER (Collins. 10s. 6d.). Both in Africa and China the study of insects has been Mr. Crompton's spare-time occupation, and he is able to convey to the reader the results of his researches with breadth of detail and lightness of touch. Another volume for the nature-lover is WILD LIFE ILLUSTRATED (Odhams Press. 10s. 6d.). Over 500 pages, with 350 photographs, make this an admirable work of reference. MORE ABOUT BIRDS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) is a new and handsomely illustrated volume by Mr. E. W. Hendy, one of the most experienced of all our field observers.

Two additions to the standard edition of the works of Aldous Huxley are DO WHAT YOU WILL, a series of twelve essays by the philosopher, and wit, and TWO OR THREE GRACES, four stories first published in 1926. These neat volumes are issued by Chatto and Windus at 6s.

Two excellent additions to the County Books, that well-edited series in which the authors have been encouraged to deal with their counties in a most individual way, are WARWICKSHIRE, by Alan Burgess, and ESSEX, by C. Henry Warren. Mr. Burgess has the greater opportunities, perhaps, for Shakespeare's county teems with archæological and historic interest. Mr. Warren deals particularly admirably with Essex ways and customs. The publishers are Robert Hale and both books are published at 15s.

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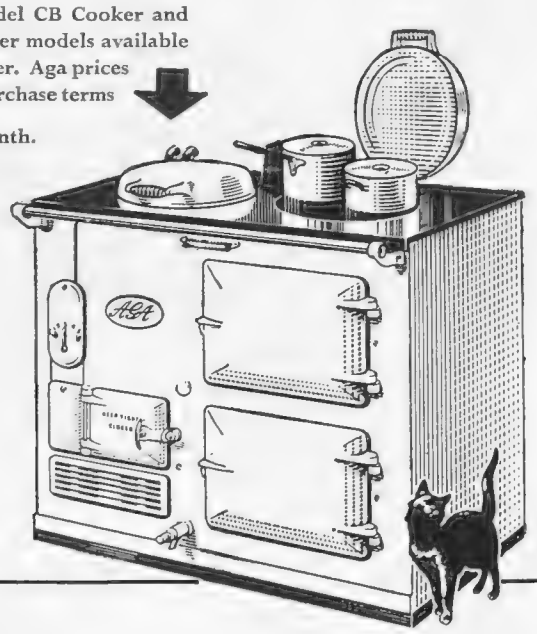

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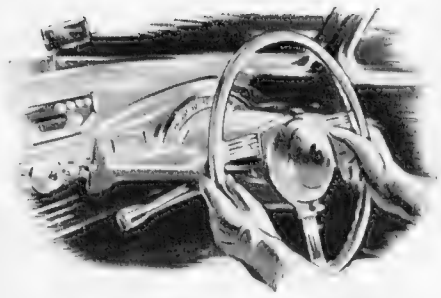

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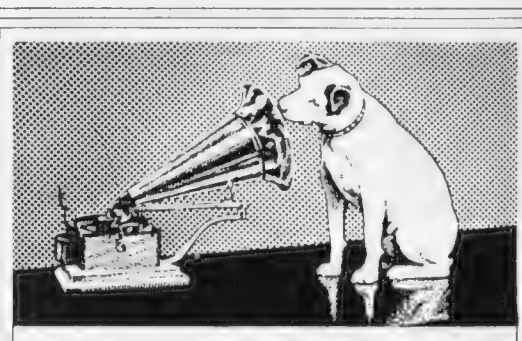

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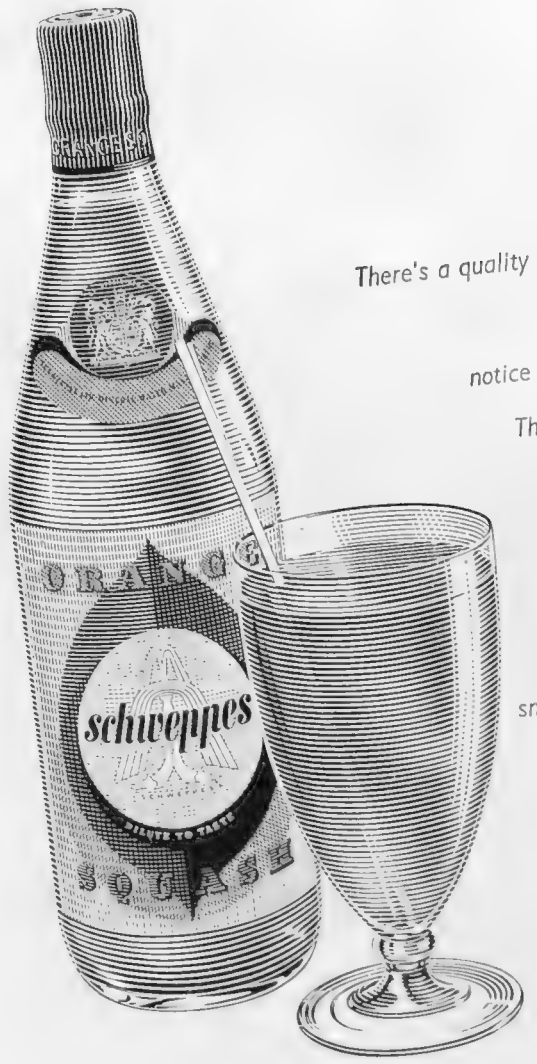

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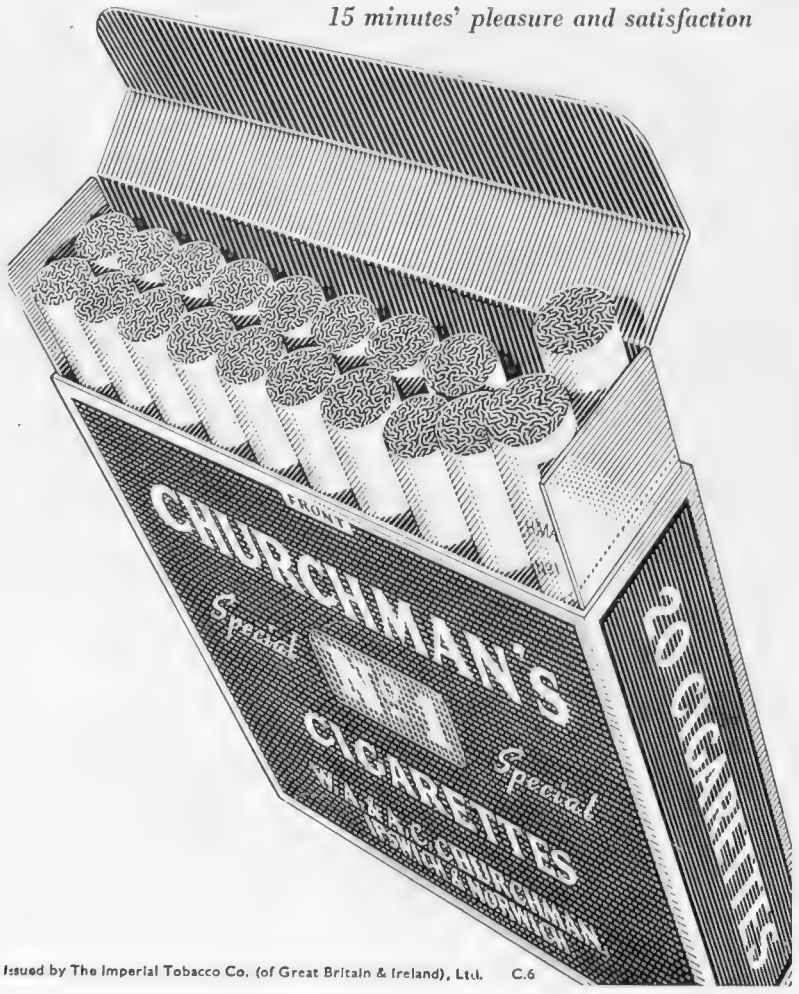

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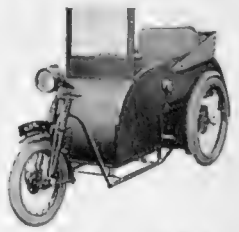

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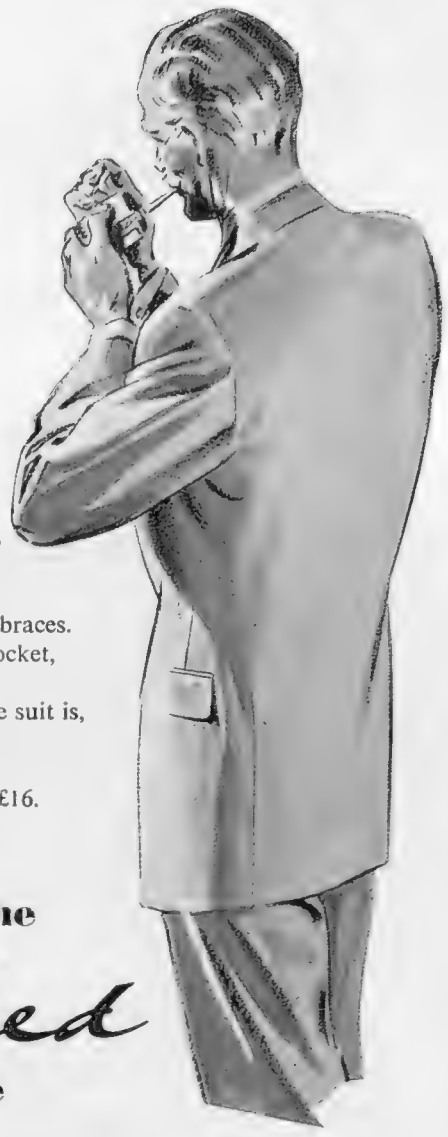

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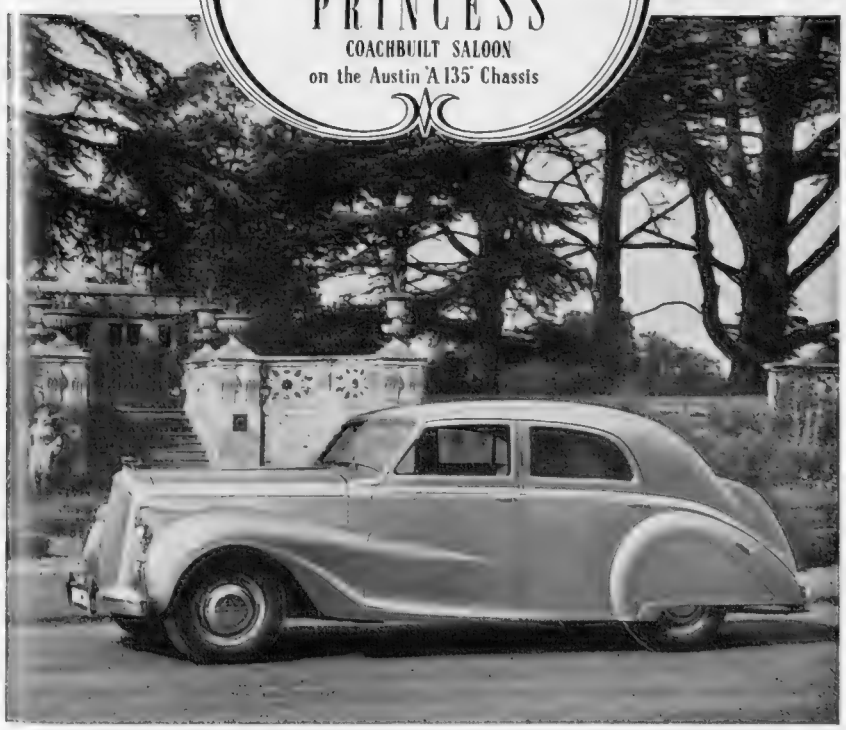

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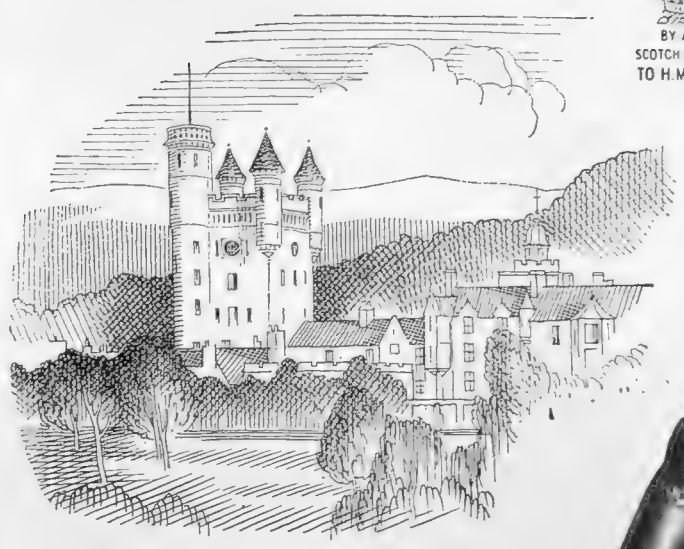

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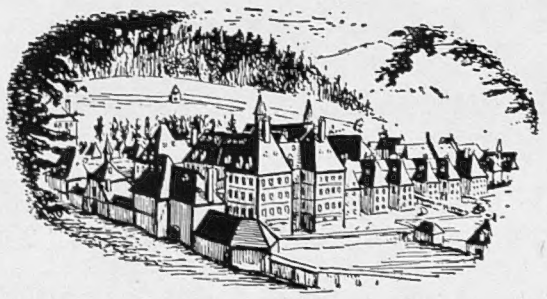

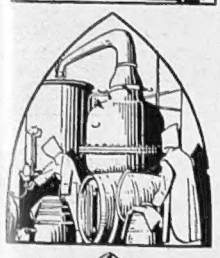

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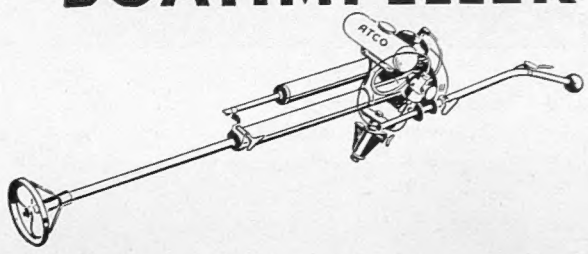

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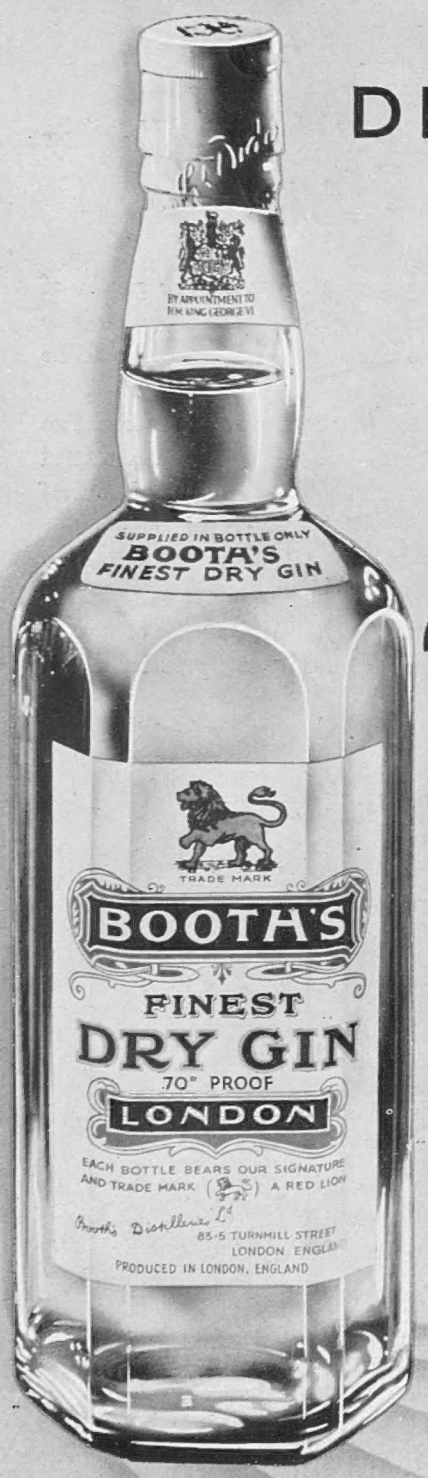

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

JUNE is the month of school occasions; it is the month of half-terms and speech days, with father stiffly rigged out, and mother and sister attired by Dame Fashion.

So, at this time of the year, I always receive a spate of enquiries from parents asking me to advise them on where to stay or where to take out their offspring for meals, which must be entirely different from everyday school grub. How few hoteliers appreciate that boys and girls of school age hate the sight of steamed fish, prunes and stodgy puddings, during their short respite from school routine!

Some schools are more fortunately placed than others as regards good hotels that make a special effort to attune themselves to school week-ends. In the Oundle neighbourhood, both parents and boys are happy indeed in having the *Manor Farm Hotel*, Fotheringay, owned by the wife of a former Oundle master. Here they will find a great understanding of parents' needs and schoolboy appetites. But, alas, the *Manor Farm* is all too small (only six bedrooms), so I was glad to find in the vicinity the *English Garden Hotel* at Norman Cross, about a mile north of Stilton.

Charterhouse boys wisely make for the *Bramley Grange Hotel*, near Guildford, where at half-terms special menus are always planned to assuage voracious appetites. But, again, *Bramley Grange*, which caters for Cranley and other schools in the neighbourhood, can only accommodate a percentage of the pupils and their parents, so *Burningfold Hall Hotel* should be noted. It is situated about four miles farther south on the road which leads from Dunsfold to Chiddingfold.

Turning to girls' schools, those interested in Battle Abbey will be glad to hear that I have made a new discovery in *Collingwood House Hotel*, Hawkhurst. Once almost entirely a residential hotel, this lovely Georgian house has been refurnished with impeccable taste by its new proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Allen-Smith.

Cheltenham is such a centre of scholastic learning that many first-class hotels, both large and small, are invariably full at half-terms. So, I would direct parents to *Rossley Manor and Country Club*, near Andoversford, a Cotswold home of character and charm.

The Sussex coastline is a stronghold of preparatory schools, both boys' and girls'. Around Broadstairs, a great favourite is the *Kingsgate Castle Hotel*. Eastbourne probably has as many schools as it has hotels, and the latter are all well-versed in half-term demands, but those in that area who would prefer to go outside the immediate town, might do well to bear in mind the following hotels, lying some 4 to 6 miles in the hinterland: *White Friars Hotel*, near Hurstmonceux; *Moor Hall Hotel*, Ninfield; *Hamsey House Hotel*, near Lewes.

To parents with boys at Holt, in Norfolk, I recommend the *Dormy House Hotel* at Brancaster, the *Le Strange Arms* or the *Golden Lion Hotels* at Hunstanton, or the *Blakeney Hotel* at Blakeney. In Worcestershire, the *Mount Pleasant Hotel* would be my choice for parents with children at the two Malvern Public Schools.

Finally, leaving the subject of half-terms for that of the immediate after-school-leaving age, when many Public School boys go for their military training at Catterick, it is interesting to place on record that the *Black Bull* at Reeth, near Richmond, takes on, especially at week-ends, the role of a Public Schools' Club.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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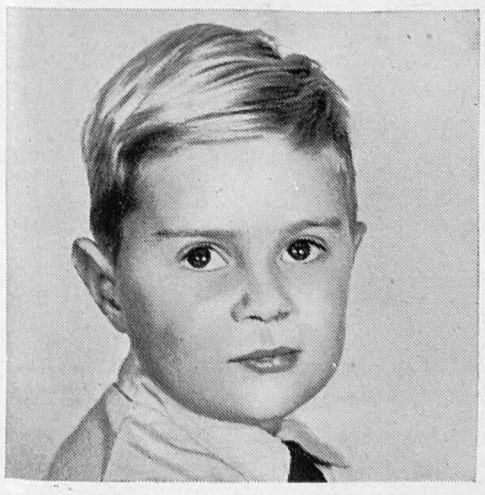

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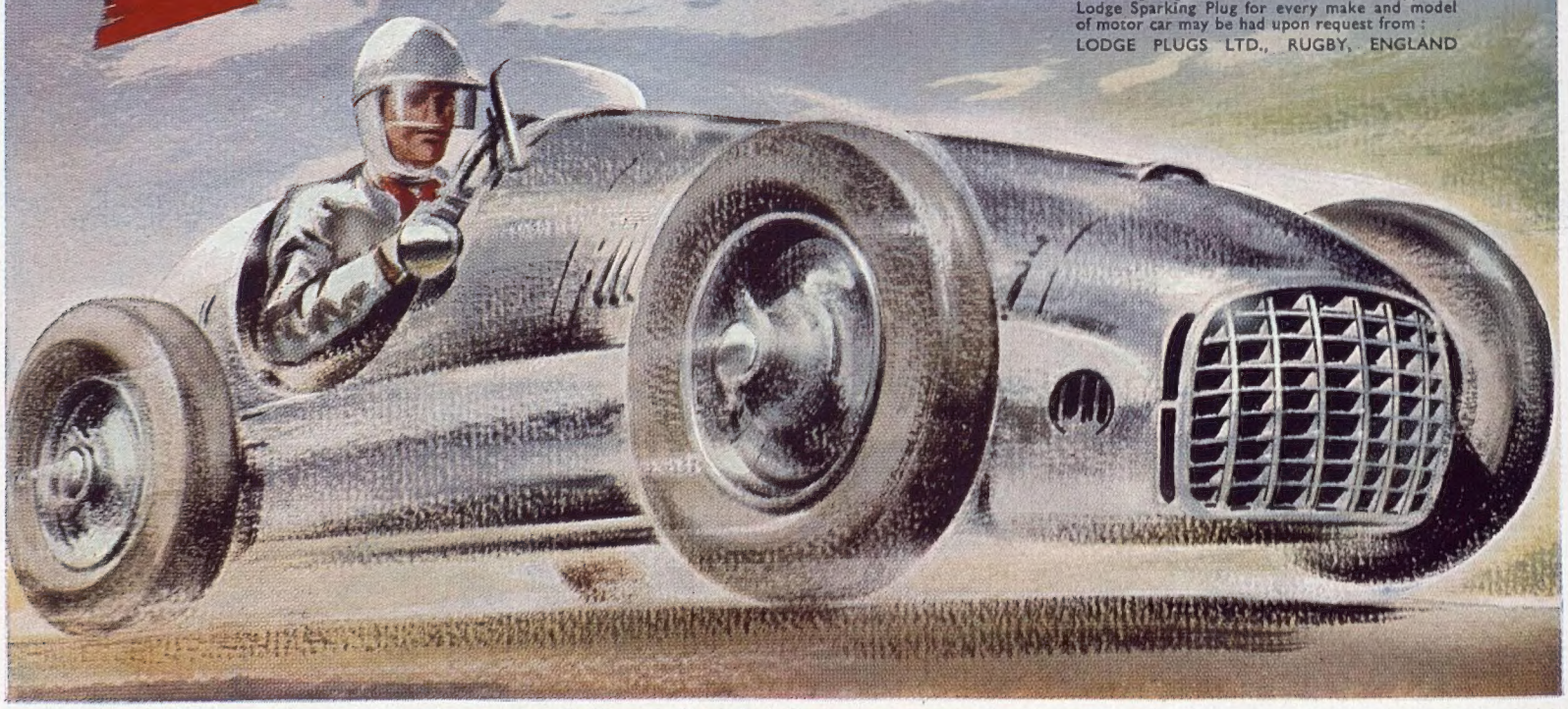

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